ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA: A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the DUKES *THEATRE.*

Written by the Honourable

Sir *CHARLES SEDLEY*, Baronet.

Licensed *Apr.* 24. 1677. *Roger L'Estrange.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at his Shop under *Grayes-Inne-gate* next *Grayes-Inne-lane.*

MDCLXXVII.

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PROLOGUE.

AS a brisk Gallant dancing to his Glaſs,
Does here and there in nimble fleurets paſs;
Likes every ſtep, and wiſhes for a Ball,
Where he at once may ſhew his Parts to all:
So Poets (with the like conceit) undone,
Think that dull Verſe which pleas'd 'em when alone,
Muſt have the like effect on the whole Town.
Our Poet all ſuch hopes of Praiſe diſclaimes,
Like a true Lover of the Sport, he Games,
And to come off a Saver only aimes.
Did he affect to be eſteem'd a Wit,
Like you, he'd take an eaſier way to it:
Write Songs and Prologues, ſhew 'em up and down,
And tear applauſe from every Fool in Town;
Make Love to Vizards in a Wit-like Noiſe,
Dull in his Senſe, yet aiery in his Voice,
Catch at each Line that grates, and keep ten good,
With his damn'd Noiſe, from being underſtood.
'Tis well moſt Wits have ſomething of the Mad,
Or where ſhou'd Poets for the Stage be had?
Cripples may judge of Vaulting he well knows,
Cowards of Courage; and of Verſe and Proſe
They that know neither; yet if too ſevere
Damning thoſe Gifts of which they have no ſhare,
Their Envy more than Judgement will appear.
He none excepts, no, not his Enemies;
For thoſe he hopes his Friends will counterpoiſe:
And ſpight of Faction on both ſides he knows,
There is an honeſt Party in this Houſe.

Perſons

Persons	represented by
Cæsar.	M. *Smith.*
Agrippa.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Mecœnas.	Mr. *Harris.*
Lucilius a Roman.	Mr. *Norris.*
Thyreus.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Antony.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Canidius, his General.	Mr. *Medburn.*
Photinus.	Mr. *Sandford.*
Memnon. } Two Egyptian Lords.	Mr. *Percivall.*
Chilax. }	Mr. *Gillow.*
Cleopatra.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Octavia.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Iras.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Charmion.	Mrs. *Hughes.*

Guards, Messengers, Villains, Souldiers and Attendants Men and Women.

ERRATA.

PAg. 3. lin. 33. for *week* read *weake*, pag. 4. lin. 25. for *pour* read *power*, pag. 47. lin. 26. for *balme* read *blame*. pag. 46. lin. 3. *Cæsar* speaks. We might, &c.

Newly Published,

THE *Songs* in *CIRCE*, a Tragedy. Sold by *R. Tonson* under *Grayes-Inne-gate* next *Grayes-Inne-lane*.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

Scene the First. *Cæsar*'s Tents.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Agrippa*, *Mecœnas*.

Cæsar. OUR Arms an easie Victory have found
Over a Foe, in love and pleasure drown'd.
Agrip. I am pleas'd we have *Antonius* subdu'd,
Yet rage to think a *Roman* was pursu'd:
Our souls did once our conquer'd Bodies loath,
And seldome did one World contain 'em both.
Yet now by hopes we 're flatter'd to live on,
And with the Common Herd of Mankind run,
Crouching to Fate, which we by death might shun.
Cæs. His Army's yet entire, and on the Shore;
No Troops so far the *Roman* Eagle bore:
Armenian Kings they have in Triumph led,
And *Parthian* blood in ten set Battles shed:
Their General to the last they will defend.
Mecœn. None can defend those, who themseves betray:
He with his Queen again will run away,
And leave 'em fighting, as he did at Sea.
Agrip. Remember, Sir, the joy the World expresst,
When threatning Wars and Mischiefs you redrest.
With a late Peace, which an Alliance ty'd,
And your fair Sister made *Antonius* Bride.

The like again you to the World may give,
If you content with half of it can live.
Cæſ. Againſt all ſtrokes of Fate who can prepare?
That Match is half th' occaſion of this War.
To him I did my dear *Octavia* give,
That *Rome* in peace, ſhe might in Empire live;
That to one Emperor by blood ally'd,
And to the other by her Marriage ty'd,
She might all growing jealouſie remove,
And be her ſelf the Bond of laſting love.
But ſee th' unbleſt event; *Antonius* ſlights
That Tye, which even enemies unites;
And more than drunk with *Cleopatra*'s charms,
He ſcorns both *Roman*-Love and *Roman*-Arms.
Agrip. Love of our Country and our Intereſt
Is the true paſſion of a *Roman* Breaſt.
All other are Uſurpers———
Cæſ. 'Tis moſt true:
Yet this vile Flame he never will ſubdue,
Which ſpight of time and of enjoyment lives,
And of it's bane miraculouſly thrives.
He thinks his life depends upon her eye,
As that of Plants does on the Sun relye.
The ignorant are learn'd, if ſhe think ſo,
And Cowards even *Hercules* out-do.
At her requeſt he Provinces beſtows,
And no mans worth but by her ſtamp he knows.
Whilſt my *Octavia* leads a Stepdames life,
And tends the Children of his former Wife,
Ungrac'd without authority or ſway.
Mecœn. The wrongs of that fair Princeſs, Sir, are great,
And rage in all, but in her ſelf create.
What Hers forgives, our virtue ſhou'd chaſtiſe:
Mortals revenge the blaſphem'd *Deities*.
And ſtrait the Impious wretch in pieces tear,
Whom Heaven in clemency wou'd long forbear.
From equal pow'r how can you be ſecure?
And leſs *Antonius* never will endure.
Agrip. *Antonius* worſted will no league refuſe,
And give in peace what battle could not loſe.

He

He may *Octavia* receive again,
And in his Bed and Empirie make her reign.
Mecæn. Men leagues and peace in their diſtreſs embrace,
But keep 'em only till affairs change face.
Ambition's never ſafe till pow'r be paſt,
As men till Impotent are ſeldom Chaſte.
Follow the blow, and doubt not the ſucceſs;
But Fortune for her utmoſt favours preſs.
On petty Kings you trifling Conqueſts make,
Antonius brings you here an equal ſtake;
The World to be divided at one blow,
And Fate already has declar'd for you.
Agrip. Men that have once an equal pow'r enjoy'd,
May ſee the Ballance chang'd, but not deſtroy'd.
He that is leſſen'd to a Slaves degree,
Still conſcious of the firſt equality,
Muſt hate the other, and himſelf much more.
Who ever ſaw a Captive Emperor?
With honour treat and yield perhaps he may,
But he can never like a Slave obey.
Cæſ. Peace we will offer, that he may refuſe,
And the whole World his bloody mind accuſe.
Thyreus knows the Queen: Him I will ſend,
Charge him that ſtrait he in my Tent attend. *Ex. Omnes.*

Scene the Second. The Palace.

Enter Memnon *and* Chilax, *two Egyptian Lords.*

Memn. Was ever Queen like *Cleopatra* curſt?
Of *Egypt* Monſters ſure her love's the worſt.
Where is that falſhood does the Sex purſue,
Or are they only to their ruine true?
I ſaid *Antonius* might have laid the Scene
Of War and Rapine further from the Queen,
That our week State ſhou'd to the Victor bow,
And humbly the Decrees of Fate allow.
She tells it him, and I muſt be diſplac't.
Chil. 'Tis hard men for their love ſhou'd be diſgrac't.

Memn. No man may now his bleeding Country mourn,
Romans our Lords, and we their Slaves were born.
Chil. The Times our honeſt Councels cannot bear,
And men their Thoughts muſt in diſguiſes wear.
Memn. Let Women, and Her Paraſites ſeek to pleaſe.
Phyſitians ſhould not flatter the diſeaſe.
Her dang'rous ſtate 'tis Treaſon to conceal,
Which nothing but *Antonius* death can heal.
Chil. 'Tis a rough Medicine ſhe will never uſe,
And fatal were th' advice ſhould ſhe refuſe.
We know his intereſt does her Councel ſway.
Memn. We this advice muſt privately convey,
Make her believe *Octavius* loves her too:
On that ſhe will an eaſie faith beſtow,
And in that hope what iſt't ſhe may not do?
Chil. 'Twere all in vain, and we our lives ſhould loſe,
Tamely and vilely laught at by our Foes:
Be Thieves and Rogues to execution led,
Let us die warm, and at an Army's head.
The *Romans* will not ever be thus ſtrong;
Thouſands as well as we for changes long.
Memn. Let's ſilent wait the opportunity,
And by main force expel their tyranny.
Chil. I love my Queen, and to rebel am loth.
Mem. I would but free her from *Antonius* pow'r,
And that once done, lay down my arms next hour.
Chil. Let us ſome plot againſt his life deviſe:
He's not our Prince; for publick good he dies,
And for our Country falls a Sacrifice.
But ſee He comes, and for his late diſgrace,
His conſcious vertue raging in his face.

Enter *Antonius, Canidius, Photinus.*

Ant. How ſlippery is the Top of humane ſtate,
And on exalted Heads what tempeſts beat?
Whom *Jove* will ruine he makes deaf and blind,
So that they hugg th' ill fate he has deſign'd;
I elſe could never have bold *Roman* Swords
Crowded and throng'd within theſe floating Boards.

Ships

Ships, whom the winds more than their Pilots ſway,
Where eager courage for a wave muſt ſtay.
The Valiant cannot board, nor Coward fly,
But at the luſt of the unconſtant sky.
At land my *Romans*-----
Can. Sir they bravely fought;
Tho rude in Ships and Sea affairs untaught.
Six hours they did a doubtful fight maintain,
Deſerted by your baſe *Egyptian* Train;
And by your ſelf, if I may be ſo plain.
Ant. The juſt reproach has rows'd my Lyon heart,
Nor am I angry at the friendly ſmart.
I fled, *Canidius*, baſely run away,
And fought for Empire below thoſe for pay.
Of my new ſhame too much thou canſt not ſay.
Can. They, who by Ships would ſuch a Cauſe decide,
Did not for conqueſt, but for flight provide.
Pardon me, Sir, my bluntneſs muſt go on;
By barbarous fears and councels you 're undone.
Photi. We in Neutrality ſecure might wait,
And calmly expect an Emp'ror from Fate;
But in your quarrel half our Fleet we loſt,
Led by that *Roman* courage which you boaſt.
Memn. Our Ships with a promiſcuous crowd were fill'd,
Neither in Battle, nor in Sailing skill'd.
Reapers and Ploughmen half ne'r tug'd an Oar,
Nor ſaw the foaming Sea but from the Shoar.
Muſt we be ruin'd and deſpis'd at laſt?
Canid. Did we by land a victory forego,
That a vain Queen might a rich Galley ſhow?
My Legions-----
Anto. Canidius no more.
I know they ſtood impatient on the Shoar:
Nineteen ſuch Legions as might fate controul,
And fortunes wheel at their own pleaſure roul.
Can. A loſs at Sea let trading Nations mourn.
Victorious *Romans* to land Conqueſt born,
Trophies at Sea as much as gain deſpiſe,
Of which an Iſland is the higheſt prize.

The trembling world did to the Victor yield,
Crown'd with the Laurels of *Pharſalia*'s field.
Chil. Since we have loſt 'tis well the gain was ſmall,
One lucky blow at Land recovers all.
Phot. Th' Enemy is already at our Walls,
And our diſtreſs for ſudden Counſel calls.
Our Queen amazed at the Siege appears.
Ant. But yet her love is ſtronger than her fears,
Her Country ſhe has made the Seat of War,
'Tis juſt her ſafety be our early'ſt care:
I will her Guard within theſe Walls remain;
And 'gainſt the angry Gods her Cauſe maintain.
Whil'ſt you *Canidius* to your Legions haſt,
Slight our defeat, their loyal hearts make faſt
To our juſt Cauſe: our Enemies deſpiſe,
And for my abſence ſome excuſe deviſe.
Can. Sir, I am blunt, unknowing to deceive,
I'le ſay you cannot *Cleopatra* Leave:
That you in her defence alone can fight,
And bleſt in love, the Roman Empire ſlight.
Ant What ſhall I do, ſhall I my Queen forſake,
And not her danger, I create, partake?
Cæſar, this night, may *Alexandria* ſtorm,
And all that luſt or rage inſtruct, perform.
Her beauty may the Conqueror diſarm,
And his ſucceſs and love that beauty charm.
Her Subjects weary of the Wars, may riſe
And make her blood their common ſacrifice.
Memn. They ſay, their Queen in policy of State,
Should buy her Country's peace at any rate.
Ant. They ſay! who ſays? *Memnon* you fain wou'd vent,
In others names, your private diſcontent.
I ſee a ſullen fierceneſs in your brow
Which you wou'd put in act, if you knew how.
Mem. Sir, I am known to love my Country well.
Ant. So they ſay all that purpoſe to rebel.
Chil. Some with your head would young *Octavius* greet,
And on thoſe bloody terms a Peace compleat:
Under ſuch Polititians *Pompey* fell

With

With tumults backt what may they not compel.
Ant. How ſhall they foes, who cannot tumults quell?
The giddy multitude, we muſt not fear,
But what we once reſolve on, make 'em bear.
Mem. 'Tis ill to diſcontent whom we muſt uſe,
And men fight beſt when they their party chooſe.
Ant. 'Tis choſen for 'em by their Soveraign;
And 'tis ſedition in them to complain:
Maxims too popular you ſtill maintain.
Mem. Sir, my plain ſpeech does no deſign contain;
'Tis the meer iſſue of my heart and brain:
If it offend---
Ant. It does, be gone.
Nor will I learn of you what's to be done. *Exit.*
When things go ill, each Fool preſumes t' adviſe,
And if more happy, thinks himſelf more wiſe.
All wretchedly deplore the preſent ſtate
And that advice ſeems beſt which comes too late.
Phot. You looſe your ſelf in rage and have forgot:
Amintas, *Deotorus*---- and the rout
Of vulgar Kings have meanly turn'd about.
Canid. *Peluſium* by *Seleucus* is betray'd.
Some ſay the Queen did his revolt perſwade.
Ant. Monſter, ſuch horrid blaſphemy forbear,
Both were his own, the falſhood and the fear.
Can. Sir, I but ſpeak the language of the World.
Ant. Henceforth be ever dumb that World and thou:
It cannot, muſt not, nor it ſha'nt be ſo.
Can. Nay if it ſha'nt, I have no more to ſay.
Ant. Aſide all paſſion and all heat Ile lay,
And cooly argue: what can be her end
There to betray, whom ſhe does here defend.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras *with* Seleucus's *young Son*, *Egyptians.*

But ſee the Queen: Heart! but this once ſtand faſt--- *aſide.*
And I'le forgive thee all thy weakneſs paſt.
How can your goodneſs to a wretch extend?
Who all he lov'd ſo poorly did defend:

Cleop.

Cleo. 'Twas not your life, but me, you cou'd not looſe,
Love turn'd your back, not Fear upon your Foes.
Ant. The timerous Deer, their female ſtanding by,
Each other will to wounds and death defie.
Love gives ſhort courage to the meaneſt ſoul,
The creeping things he arms, and winged fowl.
Yet overcharg'd with love, I loſt the day,
And in my Miſtreſs preſence ran away.
Cover'd with ſhame, I fear to meet thoſe eyes.
Cleop. To them you never were more dear than now:
A manly look over your ſorrows throw.
The Captain of my Gallies I have try'd,
And for his cowardice the Villain di'd.
With him die all remembrance of what's paſt,
I my *Cæſarion* have toward *India* ſent:
This day *Antillus* to *Armenia* went.
What Merchant in one Ship wou'd venture all?
They may ſurvive and ſo revenge our fall,
Ant. 'Tis well they're gone, their youth was uſeleſs here,
And we for them more than our ſelves ſhou'd fear. *He ſpies*
Cleop. See here the falſe *Seleucus* only Son, Seleucus's
On whom I beg quick juſtice may be done. *Son.*
His fathers Treaſon might on me reflect
Shou'd I the Son from your reveng protect:
My love and honour, let his death ſecure,
The ſhorteſt doubt they neither can endure.
Ant. None dares be impious to that degree,
To lay on you the Villains treachery.
Now my revenge I cannot execute,
Leſt I ſhou'd ſeem your virtue to diſpute.
Cleop. You doubt me not I know, but others may,
Let his death take their jealouſie away.
Can. She ſafely may the cruel offer make, *apart.*
Which ſhe well knows *Antonius* will not take.
Ant. He muſt not die, nor is it true revenge,
When the offenders ſuffer by exchange.
The youth it ſeems is not *Seleucus* care,
Or our reſentment thus he wou'd not dare.
Cleop. Let him at leaſt for an example die,
Princes invite, who pardon treachery.

Ant.

Ant. 'Twere cruelty to kill the Innocent
For Crimes they neither knew, nor cou'd prevent:
I beg his life my Queen---
Cleop. You may command
Or Life, or Death, at *Cleopatra*'s hand.
We who but now might halfe the World command,
Are overthrown at Sea, beſieg'd at Land:
Each hour the news of ſome freſh Treaſon brings,
From Faithleſs States or from revolted Kings.
Ant. Let thoſe Crown'd Slaves from out our Party go:
A Treach'rous Friend, will be a Tim'rous Foe.
Cleop. The Plains about are cover'd with our Foes,
Hiding the Earth, as when our *Nile* o're-flows.
Yet ſate I in *Antonius* Courage reſt,
As if that Heart he gave me fill'd my Breaſt.
Ant. When *Brutus* this *Octavius* over-threw,
In a pitch'd Field I *Caſſius* did ſubdue.
And turn'd the Fortune of that fatal day,
Which thus ungrateful *Rome* and He repay;
But here remaining I thoſe Legions looſe,
Which all commands but from my Mouth refuſe.
Cleop. They ever us'd *Canidius* to obey;
May he not go, and my *Antonius* ſtay?
For you my Peoples love and more I loſt,
Muſt I not keep what has ſo dearly coſt?
Ant. Ah Madam, you ſhou'd take the weakeſt part,
And help a Lover to defend his Heart.
Thô ſwounding Men with eaſe reſign their Breath,
Their careful Friends ſtill pull 'm back from Death.
You ſhould my Lethargy of Honour chide,
And drive me thô unwilling, from your ſide.
Die at your Feet the meaneſt Lover might,
But in your quarrel the whole World ſhall fight.
Cleop. If I am Captive to the *Romans* made;
Surpriz'd in this weak place, or elſe betray'd;
Think not I'le live to be redeem'd again,
And like a Slave of my proud Lords complain.
At the firſt Dawn of my ill Fate I'le die.
Ant. O name not Death we'l meet in Triumph here:
I'le raiſe the Siege e're you have time to fear.

Cleop. But then your Love, in abſence, will it laſt?
Men think of joys to come, and ſlight the paſt.
Ant. My Heart ſhall like thoſe Trees the Eaſt does ſhow,
Where Bloſſomes and ripe Fruit hang on one Bough.
With new deſires, ſoft hopes, at once be preſt;
And all thoſe Riper Joys, Love gives the bleſt.
Courage and Love ſhall ſway each in their turn,
I'le fight to conquer, conquer to return.
Seeming Ambitious to the publick view,
I'le make my private end and dearer, You.
This Storm once paſt; in Peace and Love we'l Raign,
Like the Immortal Gods, the Giants ſlain.
Cleop. Moments to abſent Lovers tedious grow;
'Tis not how time, but how the mind does go.
And once *Antonius* wou'd have thought ſo too.
Ant. Dearer than ever think not that I part,
Without the utmoſt Torment of my Heart.
Whil'ſt you perſwade, your danger chides my ſtay,
Make me not caſt me and your Self away.
How well I lov'd, you did at *Actium* ſee,
When to be near you I left Victory.
And choſe to be companion of your flight,
Rather than conquer in a diſtant Fight.
Preſs not that heart you know ſo well, too far,
Our Fortune will no ſecond frailty bear.
Cleop. The trueſt Miſers chooſe to ſit about,
And tell their wealth: but dare not truſt it out.
I know as well as you, 'tis fit you go,
Yet what is beſt I cannot let you do.
Ant. For my attendance I ſome few will take;
All other *Romans* of your Guard I make.
Cleop. If you muſt go, it quickly ſhall appear,
My love ſought this delay, and not my fear.
When you attaque, we'l ſally from the Town,
And blood inſtead of *Nile* our Plain ſhall drown.
We'l in the midſt of *Cæſar*'s Army meet,
And like *Bellona* I my *Mars* will greet.
Ant. VVou'd Goddeſſes themſelves to me endear,
In *Cleopatra*'s ſhape they muſt appear.

Cleop.

Cleop. My heart can danger though not abſence bear,
To Love, 'tis VVax, but Adamant to Fear.
Ant. Mine has ſuch Courage from your Firmneſs took,
That I can almoſt bear a parting look.
Cleop. Take it; and each unto their charge make haſte.
Ant. Our hardeſt victory I hope is paſt.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Scene the Firſt. The Town.

Enter Antonius, Canidius.

Ant. EMpire and Glory both farewell: Come ſhame,
And ſhed thy Venom on *Antonius* Name:
VVither the Lawrels on his Brows and teach
The VVorld to ſcorn its moſt inglorious VVretch.
Forſaken in the choiceſt hour of time,
My hopes and reſolutions in their prime.
Honor, my Queen and I Dictator made,
And all his rough Commands cou'd have obey'd.
Love for a while, we purpoſe to dethrone,
As Mariners in Storms their Sails take down.
Can *Romans* thus their General forſake?
Can. They urg'd want of Proviſion and of Pay.
Ant. Both which had been redreſt without delay:
Th' obliging Queen----
Can. VVhom you may thank for this---
Their general Diſcontent at her was lowd:
But Souldiers are a rude uncivil Crowd.
Play'rs and Minſtrels, Singers and Buffoons,
Are the great Inſtruments and Props of Thrones.
I my old Legions to your Aid have brought,
Firm to your Side, not tainted in a Thought---
They ſay *Photinus* in the Camp was ſeen,
And that he was imploy'd there by the Queen.

Ant. At a revolt ſo ſtrange I am ſurpriz'd.

Can. Pray Heaven it were not in the Town devis'd.
Your upright Nature ſtoops not to Deſcry
The low and ſubtil ways of Treachery.
Thô you may fail, She can't; Beauty will find,
Victorious and young Monarchs ever kind.

Ant. Your honeſt meaning does your life protect:
Preſume no more her vertue to ſuſpect.

Can. May I not ſay *Photinus* is a Knave?

Ant. Tax not the man, unleſs good proof you have.

Enter Photinus *purſued by ſix Villains,*

Phot. Thoſe two you muſt deſtroy, and me diſarm.
Ah, Sir, from Murtherers defend your Life:
See with my blood, they have begun the Strife.

They draw, two of the Villains fall, the other run.

The Gods a Guard for Vertue ſtill provide:
Courage with Treaſon ſeldome doth reſide.
Th'are fled and you unhurt----

Ant. I am:
But ſay, *Photinus*, whence theſe Villains came.

Phot. Juſt as I left the Throng ---
They ſet upon me Crying this is He,
That with *Octavius* lets us not agree,
Antonius Friend, and his own Countreys Foe;
And ſtrait that word was followed with this blow.
Some of the popular faction ſet 'm on,
Who think to govern all if I were gone.

Ant. 'Tis moſt unlucky theſe were Kill'd out right,
Of their whole Plot we elſe might gain ſome light.

Phot. *ſtabs one lying on the ground, he mutters out*

1. *Villain.* *Photinus* is a Villain....

Phot. See their ſpight....
Even at their Death, which I will thus requite--- *Can. interpoſes.*
Why wou'd you ſave from my juſt rage ſo impudent a Slave?

1. *Villain.* *Photinus* ſet us on:

Phot. Unheard of villany....
My ſelf to Kill, they did conſpire with Me!
But great *Antonius* is himſelf too juſt
Me on a Murd'rers malice to diſtruſt.

Can.

Canid. Slight not too much the words of dying men,
They who hate truth before will ſpeak it then.
Phot. My conſtant zeal and firmneſs to your ſide,
So oft in Council and in Action try'd,
This accuſation cannot but deride.
VVhat is't a Murth'rer miſſing of his blow,
In his laſt rage would not both ſay and do?
Can. VVho dares die,
And the juſt Gods provoke with ſuch a lie?
Phot. He that dares baſely Kill, what dares he not,
No Crime a Murtherer cou'd deeper blot.
Can. Yet to that crime ingratitude may add.
Phot. You ſpeak as of my guilt you wou'd be glad.
Ant. My friends, let this untimely diſcord fall.
Phot. Although much wrong'd, at your Command it ſhall.
Can. I wiſh, Sir, to my Souldiers you wou'd ſpeak,
And let 'm know how well their loves you take.
Ant. I go: their Faith ſhall ſo rewarded be---
The reſt ſhall ſoon repent their treachery.

Ex. Ant. Can.

Phot. Had they fought well their danger had been ſmall,
Cou'd they not fear at firſt or not at all?
Curſe on all middle ways: Courage enough
VVhen once engag'd, can only bring us off.
But the next blow by fate ſhall be my own,
And I'le ſtrike home for *Iras* and a Throne.
My perſon is ungraceful, I well know
It was contriv'd for uſe and not for ſhow.
Beſides I 'm old, that too when I am great,
She may have the Ambition to forget.
This gentle Maid all other ways have try'd,
Hopeleſs of Love, I'le now attempt her pride.

Enter Iras.

But ſee ſhe comes, and charming as new light,
Appear'd to the firſt Mans amazed ſight.

A noiſe of Drums.

You hear how Drums and Trumpets fill the Air,
And for a Scene of Blood our Minds prepare.
Iras. 'Tis Love, vile Love whence this Diſorder ſprings.
Phot. The tender Parent of the frightful'ſt Things.

Yet

Yet blame not Love, when to it's object fixt;
It only harms when with Ambition mixt.
When raging Winds raiſe Tempeſts on the Main,
The gentle Brooks creep mildly through the Plain.
'Tis only to the Great theſe Storms are known,
Photinus paſſion fears your ſcorn alone.

Iras. What is this Love, we never can exclude?
But whatſoe're we talk of, 'twill intrude.

Phot. Of Storms the Seaman tells, of ploughs the Hind;
Lovers in ſuch diſcourſes eaſe their mind.
'Tis the glad buſineſs of young Hearts, the pain,
The old, for their preſumption muſt ſuſtain.

Iras. Is't a diſeaſe beauties infection ſpreads?
Pray does it ſeize you in your hearts or heads?

Phot. Sweet Innocence! it enters at the eyes,
And to the heart like ſubtle lightning flies.
When Lovers meet it is all extaſie,
And when they part again they more than die.

Iras. How chance that I have ſcap't this mighty ill?
I gaze and ſtare at every thing my fill.
The Wiſe, the Handſome, and the Brave, I love,
Yet feel no pain at all when they remove.

Phot. Paſſions lye yet within your tender breaſt,
Harmleſs and weak as Eagles in the Neſt:
But Love hereafter on your heart will prey.

Iras. If ever any one eſcap't, I may.

Phot. 'Twere moſt unfit you ſhou'd, Nature does ſtill
Provide ſome ſoveraign thing for every ill.
For Beauties wounds their kindneſs is the cure:
Scorpions who cou'd without their oyl endure?

Iras. If I have hurt you 'twas againſt my will.

Phot. Your Charms not like a Foe, but weapon, kill.

Iras. Their farther ill effects I will prevent,
And of what's paſt, though innocent, repent:
I'll go where you ſhall never ſee me more.

Phot. That muſt not be, from you whom I adore.
Abſence is raging pain, preſence a joy;
Which will at leaſt voluptuouſly deſtroy.

Iras. Wou'd you not have me go nor ſtay! what then?
This Love I ſee makes errant Fools of men.

Phot.

Phot. Stay gentle *Iras*; learn to love of me,
How eaſie were it, cou'd I charm like thee.
Iras. Does no man elſe adore me as you do?
Phot. None ever did; I'l place you on a Throne,
A Scepter may for pers'nal wants attone.
Beauty and Youth, your Sexes glories are,
In men they ſoon decay, or not appear.
Iras. I did not know you were a Prince diſguis'd:
At your new Majeſty I'm much ſurpriz'd.
Phot. I am no King.
Iras. How then ſhall I be Queen?
O I could ſtrut with *Cleopatra's* Mein.
Phot. The *Roman Empire* can a Crown beſtow.
Iras. Such gifts may be *Antonius* overthrow.
Phot. So let 'em be.
Iras. But what, he gives you, *Rome*
Will take away, if *Cæſar* overcome.
Phot. My hopes, ſweet Innocence, in *Cæſar* lye,
And e're I reign *Antonius* muſt dye.
Iras. You have but the Reverſion of a Crown,
And e're he dies how old you will be grown.
Phot. Your youth a while may for ſuch glories wait,
But you may truſt my Love to urge his Fate.
Iras. Muſt I then marry you,
or be no Queen?
Phot. I'm not ſo wither'd, nor are you ſo green:
Nay *Charmion* will accept what you refuſe,
And when ſhe reigns your peeviſhneſs accuſe----
It works---
Iras. No no! my ſelf I'll have you firſt---
To ſee her Queen I ſhould with envy burſt.
Phot. Will ſhe then promiſe to love me alone,
When I have plac'd my *Iras* on a Throne?
Iras. I will do any thing, to be a Queen;
I could love one whom I had never ſeen. *Enter Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. Madam, the Queen much wonders at your ſtay. *Ex. Iras.*
Phot. She's gone, ſhe's gone, and I me-thinks have more
A thouſand times to utter than before,
So inexhauſtible's a Lovers ſtore.

To

To her Ambition I her Love muſt own;
But Fate her youth, my age will have it ſo.
How falſe a Joy in that fair Sex he takes,
Whom once the hope of equal love forſakes.

Scene the Second. *Cæſars* Tents.

Enter *Cæſar*, *Mecœnas*, *with Atendants*.

Cæſ. *Mecœnas* ſee ſtrict diſcipline they keep
Through the whole Camp, that neither wine nor ſleep
Betray us to ſurprize: thô peace ſeem near,
Wiſe Pilots at the Port a tempeſt fear.

Mecœn. Great Sir, your Souldiers find they have to do
Not with a rude unarm'd and barb'rous Crew,
But Romans like themſelves, in Conqueſt bred,
And next your ſelf, by the beſt Captain led.
Their jealouſie of Fame and Love for you,
Will make 'em any thing forbear or do. *A ſhout of joy.*

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. *Antonius* Legions newly are arriv'd,
And through the Camp are with loud joy receiv'd.
Tir'd with his impotent and diſtant ſway,
They now, Great Sir, will you alone obey.

Cæſ. Then vaniſh all his hopes, and all my fears,
In my whole sky of Fate, no Cloud appears:
That one black corner did a tempeſt threat.

Agrip. You much are to *Photinus* care in debt:
Him in the Camp, when I arriv'd I found.

Cæſ. Yee Gods! why am I to a Villain bound?
Tell my new friends, I their arrears will pay;
A *Roman* Emperor they ſtill obey.

Mecœn. *Antonius* now will any Laws receive,
What from weak Foes we do not take, we give.
Demand the *Roman* Legions yet behind,
And that his pow'r to *Aſia* be confin'd.

Cæſ. The man was once my Friend, my Brother ſtill:
What are theſe thoughts that wou'd ambition chill?
Mecœn. Forget that name he has deſerv'd ſo ill.
The ſpoil of *Egypt* will the VVar defray;
For a meer peace *Rome* will repine to pay.

Enter

Enter Octavia.

Him brother, let Ægyptian Princes call,
He has no Intereſt in your blood at all.
Since the beſt Ty he ſlights, and in her place
Does a leſs fair Ægyptian Queen embrace.
Oct. Pernicious Counceller that does foment
A War, all but the *Parthians* wou'd prevent.
My Wrongs ſhall never thy Ambition hide,
I'le tear the Maſque of pity from thy pride.
I thought thee once deſerving thy great place,
Of *Tuſcan* Kings ſprung from the glorious race.
But thou art falſe, cruel, and bloody now,
That open hatred thou durſt never ſhow.
To my dear Lord, does ſtill in malice lurk,
And on this dire Occaſion ſeeks to work.
Cæſ. Siſter, your Husband I would but reclaim,
And make him worthy of your virtuous flame.
His preſent life does his paſt glory ſtain,
He makes a Queen the Partner of his raign.
The Roman Empire he does much deface,
And with the Spoil adorns her foraign race.
Arabia where the *Nabatheans* live.
And part of *Syria* he did lately give.
To their new iſſue one he ſtiles the Moon:
To name the other, he profanes the Sun.
Oct. If he has given much, he conquer'd more:
His valour, for his bounty, found the ſtore;
And pardon ſomewhat on a Siſters ſcore.
Cæſ. The names of Emperor and Queen they ſcorn,
And like immortal Gods themſelves adorn.
He does for *Bacchus*, ſhe for *Iſis* paſs,
And in their ſhapes, the wond'ring Crowd amaze.
Oct. To Gods of their own honour leave the Care,
Since they both Jealous and Almighty are.
I fear ſo high you'l my concernments preſs;
You'l break on that you never can redreſs.
Cæſ. I underſtand no Riddles, but he ſhall
Do my *Octavia* ſudden right or fall.

The reſt I cou'd with ſmall excuſe forgive:
But under this affront I cannot live.
Oct. You ſay his other faults you cou'd forgive.
Cæſ. Empire's our real quarrel, but *I* muſt [*Aſide.*
Her virtuous Mind with no ſuch ſecret truſt.
I could ----
Oct. Then that pretence I'le thus remove and dy: (*Stabs her ſelf.*
Still more inhumane muſt I then remain,
The cover of your Pride and Luſt to reign. (Mec. *interpoſes.*
Thô I were dead you might your ends purſue,
But let me vaniſh from the painful view.
Mec. Not for the World ſuch virtue ſhou'd not dy,
But be intire tranſlated to the Sky.
Cæſ. I Siſter your late raſhneſs can forgive,
So you henceforth will promiſe me to live.
Mecœnas ſee remov'd all means of Death,
Let Nature and not rage conclude her breath, (*Ex.* Cæſar, A-
Oct. Peace to the World and my unhappy Lord, (grippa, *&c.*
My Brother but for you wou'd ſoon afford.
Mec. Condemn not actions till you know their end,
But mine perhaps will then but more offend.
Oct. I know you'l ſay 'tis brave to rule alone,
That my great Brother wou'd become that Throne.
And raiſing him you in proportion riſe,
But ſtill remember there are Deities
Above you both, juſt, pow'rful, and wiſe.
Mec. Ambition never overturn'd my mind,
I am already more then I deſign'd.
Oct. Why do you then the general peace oppoſe;
'Tis Avarice or Ambition makes Men foes.
Mec. I Madam wou'd ſome marks of courage ſhow,
And what I durſt for my great Maſter do.
Oct. Romans of courage need no other proof,
Since to be born a Roman is enough.
Mec. 'Tis truth, but yet----
Oct. Some unjuſt pique you bear,
My deareſt Lord, you cannot well declare,
But good *Mecœna's*; for ſuch once you were;
T'obſtruct this Treaty for my ſake forbear.

Mec.

Mec. 'Tis for your ſake alone, it muſt not be.
Oct. If it be good for *Rome*, regard not Me.
Mec. Y'are Siſter to my Emperor and Friend,
My utmoſt care, muſt your concerns attend:
I do not as you think confuſion ſeek,
Nor keep I to your Lord a ſecret pique:
But if this Treaty be confirm'd to day,
I muſt at *Rome*, and you in *Aſia* ſtay.
Oct. It is the part of the whole World I'd chuſe,
And gaining Him, what is't I care to looſe.
Mec. Ah Madam, ſeem leſs virtuous or leſs fair,
Who can behold you and not vengeance ſware.
Such ſuffering goodneſs will mankind ingage,
And on *Antonius* pull their publick rage.
Oct. This to the Siſter of your Emperor;
Mec. This to the only Beauty I adore:
Beyond my patience you have rackt my Breaſt,
And my deep guilt at laſt muſt be confeſt.
I love you, Madam----
Oct. My next requeſt you'l then not diſallow,
Mec. Speak it, and I a blind Obedience vow.
Oct. Let me then die for I have liv'd too long,
And heard of Love in my *Antonius* wrong.
Mec. Not in his wrong! I'le the reverſion wait,
And live like Heirs in hope of an Eſtate.
Oct. Your word is paſt recall. My Death I claim.
Mec. From me who both your Guard and Lover am.
Oct. I'm not the ſtroak, but means of Death require:
By my own hand I nobleſt ſhall expire.
Will you then promiſe to promote the peace.
Mec. You offer poiſon, to my known Diſeaſe:
But from thoſe hands I nothing can refuſe.
I'le ruine all my hopes, ſo you will live:
Oct. Yes, I will live, but not an hour ſurvive.
My dear *Antonius* him you muſt preſerve,
If ought you from *Octavia* would deſerve--- *Ex.*
Mec. Whom, whilſt he lives I never can enjoy,
And if he dies ſhe will her ſelf deſtroy.
"I am undone; obey or diſobey!
"I needs muſt periſh, but may choſe my way. *Ex. omnes.*

ACT. III.

Scene the First. *Cæsars* Tents.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Mecœnas*, *Agrippa*.

Cæsar. THe *Asians* now with double Taxes preſt,
His ſlothful Days and drunken Nights deteſt;
Buffoons and Players chiefly have his ear:
He dares not the free tongues of *Romans* hear.
To marry Whores to Fencers is his ſport,
And with their Iſſue throng his loathed Court.
" Now lewd *Cytheris* has a greater Train,
Than his own Mother or his Wife maintain.
From ſuch a Foe as this what can we fear!
In whom all ſymptoms of loſt pow'r appear.

Mecœn. The flatt'ring *Greeks* his eaſie nature praiſe;
But on the reſt he heavy burthens lays.
In drunken Bounty, for a riotous treat,
He gave his Fav'rite Cook a ſpacious Street:
Men ſay no hour dares move without its Feaſt,
Which is for their fantaſtick pallats dreſt.
Now muſt the riſing Sun their Riot view,
Which the next day prevents the Evening dew.
" In every draught they ſome rich Gem conſume,
" And ſpend a private Fortune in one Room.

Cæſ. Empire, of pains and virtue, the ſlow fruit,
How ill doſt thou with vice and riot ſuit?
Cinna was bloody, *Marius* unjuſt,
Tarquin and *Appius* raging in their Luſt:
Lucullus was luxurious, loud his eaſe,
Thus on each man his ſingle vice did ſeize!
But all theſe faults are in *Antonius* met.

Mecœn. His Court with *Aſian* Flatt'rers is fill'd,
And Lying *Greeks* the only Servants held.

These serve the turns of riotous delight,
Whilst *Romans* only are thought fit to fight.
Agrip. Example is a living Law, whose sway,
Men more than all the written Laws obey.
Princes of all men therefore shou'd take care,
How in their manners they the Crowd ensnare.
But above all his dotage on the Queen
Employs my wonder: was it ever seen
A Woman rul'd an Emperor till now?
What Horse the Mare, what Bull obeys the Cow?
Nature that Monster Love does disavow:
In all her kinds only fantastick Man
Finds ways of folly which no other can.
Mecæn. He that will vilify the pow'r of Love,
In the first place let him our Gods reprove,
Who oft their heavenly Mansions have forsook,
And the mean shapes of Birds and Beasts have took,
To pursue Mortals in an amorous way,
And form their glorious Image in our clay.
Agrip. The God that lov'd, what Nymph yet ever rul'd?
He was again a God, his Lust once cool'd:
Had womens will our good or ill procur'd,
The World had never half so long endur'd.
The high embrace fill'd all their spacious thought,
And proofs of kindness were no farther sought.
Cæs. Th'unable sure, the ugly, or the old,
First in affairs of Love, made use of gold.
Then Princes to out-bid 'em threw in pow'r,
Now heart for heart's the Traffick of the Poor.
Agrip. Women should like idle Passengers,
While the tall Ship for few rule him; steers.
Wisdom, high Courage, high Tyrant to the rein
If o're the Wise and brave defile his reign.
And this *Antonius* conduct have ain.
Cæs. 'Tis time the insur'd World we should redeem
From a mans sway so lost in her esteem.
Agrip. What is success in Arms if Conqu'ring *Rome*
By Troops of *Asian* Vices be o'recome.
Cæs. To set all right I must be absolute;
My least commands None daring to dispute:

Rome's desp'rate state can never find redress,
But from a pow'r as able to oppress;
Whilst for the publick good my pow'r I use,
Seeing my end Men will the means excuse.
Th' Omnipotence of Gods, who thinks too great,
Since men below they with compassion treat.

Agrip. But envy does all mortal pow'r attend:
Men fear the Means, and still suspect the end.
He that can hurt, who answers but he will:
Men pass in fear by sleeping Lyons still.
Empire is safest moderately great,
And death unseen does on Ambition wait.

Cæs. He that can do no ill, can do no good,
And if in one, in both may be withstood.
The actions of a Tyrant I abhor,
But as things stand I cannot want the pow'r.

Agrip. Our Laws the art of ruling best contain;

Mecæn. Fools find it there, wise Princes in their Brain.

Agrip. Pow'r long possest few Princes care to use,
But give it up for others to abuse:
From *Phœbus* self the World no hazard run,
But cou'd not bear one day his Vent'rous Son:
He through new wayes the flaming Chariot drove,
And all was fear below, and fire above.

Cæs. I to no *Phaëton* will the reins commit,
Nor in inglorious ease a moment sit:
Ile see the Common-wealth no mischief take,
And do and suffer all things for her sake.

Mecæn. *Rome* on your vertue leans her aged head,
As old *Anchises* on *Æneas* did, [illegible]
And thinks she may with ea[illegible] virtue, the slow[illegible]y you.
Factions at Home, a[illegible] vice and riot suit [illegible]e.
You, whom the ge[illegible] unjust, [illegible]oes hold,
Bolder than Youth, and w[illegible]n their L[illegible]e Old.

Agrip. The name of Co[illegible]-wealth is popular,
And every *Cæsar* may his *Brutus* fear.

Mecæn. *Romans* that barb'rous Murder so reveng'd,
It shews the thoughts of a Republick chang'd.

Cæs. Men die of Agues, too much heat or cold,
And others grow ridiculous old. *Ex.* Cæs. Oct. Mec. *manet* Agrip.

The

The thoughts of humane chance ſhould make us bold.
Ile ſeize the Empire, which Ile die or hold.
Agrip. Born under Kings our Father freedom ſought,
And with their blood the Godlike treaſure bought,
We their vile iſſue in our chains delight,
And born to freedom for our Tyrants fight. *Exit.* Agrip.

Scene the Second. The Palace.

Enter *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Photinus*.

Can. For what Sir, muſt we then prepare?
Thyreus! does he bring us Peace or War?
Anto. He offers Peace, but upon terms ſo high,
At the great rate I'd not an Empire buy:
My former gifts I meanly muſt reſume,
And give accounts of all my act to *Rome*.
My faithful friends from their Commands remove,
And place ſuch as the Senate ſhall approve.
Canid. True friends diſplac't will pardon your diſtreſs,
And thô your pow'r----
Anto. A Pageant pow'r and Empire but in ſhow---
True Empire only thoſe great Souls enjoy,
Who can in what, and whom they pleaſe employ,
And without leave from *Rome* a Crown beſtow,
Exalt a Friend, and trample on a Foe:
This by your Love and Arms I once attchiev'd,
Nor will be of it but by Arms depriv'd.
Can. Ambition is the Dropſey of the Soul,
Whoſe thirſt we muſt not yield to but controul.
Anto. Some Drudg of State may a leſs pow'r eſteem,
And ruling many, let a few rule him;
Mean Slave to them, high Tyrant to the reſt,
With fear and pride at once defile his breaſt:
By *Hercules* I won't, if any here
Think that a Courſe too deſp'rate I ſteer,
Let him retire, and his own fears obey.
Canid. The Gods well know my fears are all for you,
And your moſt daring thoughts ſhall find me true:
It is not *Cæſar*, nor our blow at Sea,
That to theſe terms incline me to agree;

But

But 'tis the love of *Rome* which you have loſt,
And that your Ryots here and Loves have coſt.
Ant. *Cæſar* and I you know were never friends,
And only hung together for our ends:
Yet in his Cauſe this Tongue an Army rais'd,
And made *Rome* hate that deed ſhe late had prais'd.
Brutus and *Caſſius* felt the deadly ſting;
And all to make *Octavius* more than King.
So blindly did I act, ſo little ſee,
Into the dark Decrees of Deſtiny.
The Common-wealth for him I overthrew,
Now in effect he claims my Empire too.
Phot. The Shell he leaves, the Kernell takes away,
You, Sir, muſt him, as others, you obey.
Ant. He wou'd a ſway pretend over my Love,
And teach my free affections where to move.
To my embrace his Siſter I muſt take,
And my beſt Queen ingrateſully forſake.
Can. That Siſter is your Wife.
Ane. So let her be
From paſt engagements, [illegible]ent Love, ſet free.
Hymen is but the Vulgars Deity . . .
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *Egyptians.*
Cleop. O my *Antonius!* how I fear this Peace!
And muſt I to *Octavia* yield my place?
I love you ſo, that very ſound wou'd kill,
And leave you free the promiſe to fulfil.
Ant. Were I to gain the Empire of mankind,
And for that pow'r, Eternity aſſign'd:
I cou'd not to the hateful change ſubmit,
Nor my beſt Queen ſo barbarouſly quit.
Cleop. But your *Octavius* loving, young, and fair,
And ſuch a Rival! how can I but fear?
Ant. Her Hymen never did a Moment pleaſe,
The hard Condition of a needful Peace:
From every part I ſaw the growing ſtorm,
A ſudden ſhelter in her arms I took,
Which when 'twas over I again forſook.
Cleop. And can you for My ſake a War ſuſtain?
Her Brothers friendſhip and Her Love diſdain?

Ant.

Ant. All hearts a like, all faces do not move,
There is a ſecret Sympathy in Love:
The pow'rful Loadſtone, cannot move a Straw,
No more than Jet, the trembling Needle draw:
Your Beauty only on my Heart can act:
All other ways, it is in vain attaqu'd.
Cleop. Sure of this War I am the meer pretence,
How can our Love, to *Rome* give ſuch offence?
She ſhou'd revenge the Ghoſt of *Craſſus* ſlain,
And haughty *Babel* level with the Plain,
But let in *Egypt*, Love and pleaſure reign.
Ant. *Rome* like her Eagles, did on Rapine thrive,
I am the firſt that taught her how to Give.
Cleop. What y' have preſented me or plac'd on Mine,
I to that griping Senate here reſign.
I never did the gifts but Giver prize:
Some new pretence of War let 'm deviſe:
All but your ſelf I for your ſake can quit:
For you I did my Crown and Fame forget;
And can you now weigh coldly what it is fit?
Can. Turn my beſt Maſter, from her charming Tongue,
'Tis hard to think ſuch Beauty in the wrong:
Yet if you don't, we are for ever loſt.
Ant. I have reſolv'd: to *Cæſar* I will ſend:
If he his Grace will to the Queen extend,
And let the Crown upon her Sons deſcend.
I'le kill my ſelf, and rid him of his Foe,
If not, the laſt extreams I'le undergo.
Can. What *Roman* will the hateful Meſſage bear?
Cleop. Let us intreat, we may at *Athens* live,
And taſt what joys a private Life can give:
Leaving our greatneſs and our pomp behind,
We ſhall in Love ſincerer pleaſures find:
But whether am I wrapt? fond thoughts be gone,
And melt ſome tender Virgin of low race,
You are below a heart that wears a Crown,
Where Life, Love, all muſt to renown give place.
Ant. Souldiers, when old we from the Wars diſcharge,
But Fate her Drudges never ſets at large:
The higher place they fill, the greater Slaves,
Princes have no retirement but their Graves,

My equal pow'r this *Cæsar* cannot bear,
His Souldiers want my Provinces to share:
Unactive *Lepidus* he laid aside,
And will no longer now the VVorld divide;
VVhose doubtful Title must by Arms be try'd.

Enter Thyreus.

But see *Thyreus* here....
He has some Message for your private Ear,
VVhich I without a jealous pang can bear.

Can. She is a woman, Sir, and when y'are gone,
By *Cæsars* Offers may be wrought upon.

Ant. Jealous! yet truly honest. 'Tis strange how
In thy plain mind such wild suspition's grow,
I will return before their Conf'rence end,
But on her Love entirely I depend. *Ex.* Ant. Canid.

Thyr. Madam! my Master's gracious as he's great,
See's how y'are forc't t' allow this short Retreat,
To his proud Foe, and does himself excuse,
That Ayd perhaps you cou'd not well refuse:
The Ruines of a Roman Emperor,
In her own Kingdom may a Queen o're pow'r.

Cleop. I first was summon'd in *Romes* haughty Name,
E're I into *Antonius* presence came.
Brutus and his I was accus'd to Aid,
But soon acquitted and her Ally made;
Since in *Antonius* I have *Rome* obey'd.

Thyr. If an Ally of *Rome* you shou'd disclaim,
The Man, whom she does Foe and Traytor name.

Cleop. Those very Titles She Great *Julius* gave,
And yet anon, obeys him like a Slave.
On the Succes of VVar, her Voice depends,
The distant Foes she stiles the present Friends.
Let others from *Antonius* fortune fly,
I will support or in their ruine lye.

Thyr. His Souldiers have another sence declar'd,
And are to storm this stubborn Town prepar'd.

Cleop. Base Mercenary Souls that fight for Pay,
To morrow Kill, whom they defend to day:
But Princes Minds on Springs of Honour move,
And what can they not do, wound up by Love?

Phot. If not your Self, your harmleſs Subjects ſave,
They neither love ſo well, nor are ſo brave.
Cleop. Deſpair ſhall make thoſe heartleſs Villains bold,
VVhile by worſe fears, the fear of Death's controul'd.
I'le *Rome* provoke beyond all hope of grace,
Then in their Arms, they muſt their ſafety place.
Phot. They'l ſooner take thoſe Arms up and Rebel . . .
Cleop. *Antonius* Souldiers will ſuch Tumults quel.
The People ever diſcontented are;
Their Crouds were made to be the food of War: [*Ex. Phot.*
Thyr. *Cæſar* is pleas'd---
You ſhou'd keep all the Realms of which y'are ſeiz'd;
Some little to deſerve this you muſt do.
Cleop. Deſert propos'd me from a mortal Foe?
Thyr. Give us but entrance in the dead of night,
VVe all will ſpare who are not kill'd in Fight;
Like *Cæſar*, *Cleopatra* ſhall command,
Antonius falls into a Brothers hand.
Cleop. VVho will revenge the ſcorn his Siſter finds;
Are theſe your deep, your generous Deſigns?
Thyr. You but precipitate the event of VVar,
And by that act a Sea of Blood might ſpare.
I have a ſtep beyond my Orders made,
VVhich were but to propoſe not to perſwade.
But who can ſee ſuch Beauty in diſtreſs,
And not the utmoſt of his thoughts expreſs.
Cleop. In Fates whole ſcope I fear but one event,
And that your ſelf with honour may prevent.
Thyr. VVhat is it, Madam? will you hear me ſwear,
You truſt your ſecret to a Lovers ear,
One that has long, and privately been ſo.
Cleop. Sir to make Peace, you were from *Cæſar* ſent,
But make not Love, thô but in Complement.
If *Cæſar* take this Town by Fates decree,
Swear to inform, what he will do with me---
Thyr. 'Tis not reſolv'd, ſoon as I know I will . . .
Cleop. Then ſound him dayly with your utmoſt skill.
Thyr. But is this all? I was in hope to ſerve,
In ſome deſign that might your Love deſerve.

This for your meaneſt Slave I had perform'd.
Cleop. 'Tis all of which I care to be inform'd---
Thyr. My Offers, Madam . . . .
Cleop. They are ſuch as ſhow,
Romans but ill of th' hearts of Monarchs know.
But on your promiſe may a Queen rely?
Enter Antonius, Canidius *unſeen, and Souldiers.*
Thyr. You may: but doubt not *Cæſars* Clemency;
Your Crown and Perſon, thô provokt he 'l ſpare,
Conqueſt and Ruin will reſpect the Fair,
VVhat may n't ſuch Beauty hope, nor is it new,
That he who rules the VVorld ſhould bow to you.
Ant. By Heaven, at Complements; I'le pauſe a while,
And ſee this ſubtle Scene of VVomans guile.
Cleop. My Fates worſe Face you will not then diſguiſe,
I can behold it with undaunted Eyes.
Thyr. And may it prove as charming as your own;
Cleop. I fear you will forget me, when y'are gone.
Thyr. I ſwear upon my Knees and by that Hand:
Whoſe every touch, my Soul leaps up to meet:
Let me once more th' inflaming Bliſs repeat.
Like the firſt drop which Men in Feavours taſt,
It to a deeper draught but makes me haſt.
Thus ſtarving Men, think every thing a Feaſt,
Whil'ſt ſome with taſtleſs plenty, ly oppreſt:
O that I were *Antonius* but one day!---
Ant. Slave from that poſture thou ſhalt never riſe,
But be my Wraths immediate ſacrifice.
Can. Hold, Sir, your Sword you ſhall not raſhly ſtain;
VVhat hopes of Peace Embaſſadors once ſlain?
Ant. Ambaſſador of Love the Villain came;
And 'mongſt affairs of State he vents his Flame,
He Kiſt her Hand, ſome charming Meſſage ſure,
At leaſt of half my Empire, She's ſecure.
VVhich ſhe perhaps muſt with my Life repay,
Theſe are the Bargains made when I am away:
'Tis more than Madneſs to believe that you,
Falſe to my Love, are to my Empire true.
Cleop. I falſe to you!

Ant.

Ant. By *Hercules* you are : and had I ſtay'd,
None knows the faithleſs anſwer you had made.
Cleop. VVhat is it that ſo ſtrange *Antonius* finds ?
He kiſt my Hand in taking of his leave,
'Tis a reſpect that Queens from all receive.
Ant. The eager Kiſs, no Lover can miſtake,
It extacy and ſudden rapture ſpake,
Thoſe of reſpect are of a colder make :
Ye Gods ! he ſwore by't perhaps endleſs Love,
Or that he wou'd your Mediator prove.
Cleop. Ask him ! His offers I have all refus'd,
And yet of falſhood live to be accus'd
By you, for whom I ſuffer, is this juſt ?
One minute, brings long faith into Diſtruſt.
Ant. Minutes may ruine what in Ages roſe,
Like Thunder, Love in inſtants overthrows.
He has diſturb'd me. And he ſhall be whipt,
Canidius ſee he inſtantly be ſtript.
Can. If thus you trample on all *Roman* Laws,
VVhat *Roman* is there that will own your Cauſe ?
The Law of Nations too does this withſtand,
To any thing that's brave I'le lend my hand,
But ſtir to no ſuch infamous command :
Ant. Seize the bold Traytor.
Sould. Will you have him flead.
Say but the word, this minute he is dead.
Ant. There's a true Servant to his Maſters will,
VVhom I condemn, he queſtions not to kill,
Thyr. VVith this affront if thou dar'ſt glut thy hate,
No pow'r on earth can ſave thy falling ſtate:
Cæſar will take revenge----
Ant Away, away ....
And my command ſee ſtrictly you obey. *Exit.*
Cleop. I do not know that I a ſmile miſplac't.
Frown'd where you frown'd, and where you lik't I grac't.
Not Wealth to Miſers, Honour to the Brave,
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave
Cou'd be more welcome than you Love to Me,
Then think how-felt, the cruel change muſt be :
Ant. What Change ?

Cleop. How can you ask; while this diſtruſt appears?
Diſtruſt, the firſt decay of Love in years.
What we deſire we eaſily believe,
Love on the ſmoother ſide does ſtill deceive.
Ant. Your Lover ſhall be whipt, and as you bear
That, I ſhall think you criminal or clear.
Cleop. Not to the Man, but to his Character,
Such an affront I wiſh you wou'd forbear.
It is a deed that might amaze the Sun,
And by the rudeſt People yet undone:
In all the Travels of his fruitful light,
He has not met ſo barbarous a ſight;
Ambaſſadors are ſacred next the Gods,
Above your Axes plac't as well as Rods.
Ant. Obſerve how, leaſt I change his puniſhment,
All ways of my revenge ſhe wou'd prevent,
He may not die....
Cleop. Nor ſhan't, unleſs your hate,
All human Laws reſolve to violate.
Then kill me firſt.

Enter Photinus *in haſt.*

Phot. The Cities up, the Souldiers Mutiny,
And all---long live the good *Thyreus* cry.
Anto. My *Romans* take and charge 'm inſtantly.
Phot. What they demand, perhaps you'll not refuſe.
Anto. How 'er their Inſolence I'll not excuſe.
Canid. Good Sir, abroad you know we want no foes,
This inward ſtrife methinks we might compoſe:
Cavius work our ſelves, let us not do.
Cleo. My People Sir, I hope you'll not deſtroy,
Whoſe lives I for your ſervice, wou'd imploy.
Photinus ſay their Queen bids 'm begon,
And truſt our Love, what's fitting ſhall be done.

Enter Meſſengers.

Meſſ. Your *Romans*, Sir, joyn with th' unruly crow'd,
And to defend th' Embaſſador, have vow'd:
They ſay a *Roman* never ſhall be whipt,
While Sword or Spear a *Roman* arm can lift.
1. *Meſſ.* They have by this the Caſtle Walls broke down,
2. *Meſſ.* And ſet *Thyreus* ſafe without the Town.

Ant. Draw up my Guards, if I have yet a Friend;
This Tumult ſhall in death of Thouſands end.
What muſt *Octavius* conclude of me?
If whom I once impriſon, they ſet free.
Cleo. They have done right by chance, excuſe 'em fort;
Tempeſts ſometimes drives Ships into the Port.
Ant. The Rable is a thing below my hate,
But my own *Romans* I will decimate.

Enter Lucilius *Captain of the Rout.*

Luc. For what is done, I ſingly am to blame:
The reſt but on my call and credit came.
Anto. What mov'd thee too't: Old *Ruffian*, thou ſhalt dye;
In thee I'll puniſh the whole Mutiny.
Luc. I ſaw my General about to blaſt,
By one raſh act, his life and Glories paſt.
Th' unconſtant Rabble to my ſide I gain'd,
And ſpight of him, his Honor have maintain'd.
Anto. What art thou?
Luc. A *Roman.*
Anto. No more?
Luc. In *Brutus* Camp ſome ſmall Command I bore:
Subdu'd by Arms, ſince by your kindneſs won,
I am reſolv'd your utmoſt fate to run.
If my late ſervice grieve you, take my head;
The common path of Love I never tread.
Brutus, to ſave my ſelf, like him I ſhap't;
So fell I in your hands, and he eſcap't.
Anto. Lucilius?
Lucilius, The ſame my Int'reſt command,
Antonius ſhall both rule my heart and hand.
Anto. Diſcharge the Rabble you have us'd in this. [*They ſhout.*
Luc. They humbly ſue you'll pardon what's amiſs.
They are return'd, and now with ſhouts of joy;
They beg you woud their Swords and Lives imploy.
Anto. Moſt willingly, juſt Heaven, what am I,
Whom the rude People, teach Humanity? [*Ex.*

ACT IIII.

Scene the firſt. *Cæſars* Tents.

Enter *Cæſar*, *Agrippa*, *Mecœnas*.

Cæſar, MY Offers ſcornd! Ambaſſadors abus'd!
Yet he of Pride unjuſtly is accus'd.
Mec. Thyreus was ill choſe, he long has been
A ſecret Servant to th' *Ægyptian* Queen.
What if I went with terms more moderate;
I, who am leſs Obnoxius to his hate.
Cæſ. This Offer now the danger grows ſo near,
In a man leſs known, ſhou'd take for fear.
Agrip. His Inſolence no longer I defend.
Cæſ. See here the Challenge he thinks fit to ſend. [*Agrip. reads.*
Agrip. In ſingle Combat let our Fencers fight:
With Armies, Emperors diſpute their right.
Cæſ. Like him, I *Roman* blood would gladly ſpare,
And to a Combat would contract the War.
My youth, and unfoil'd ſtrength, may Conqueſt claim
Over this Shadow of a mighty Name:
Now preſt with Age, and with Debauches worn,
Th' unequal Combat I not fear, but ſcorn.
Agrip. He like an aged Oak in *Autumn* ſhows,
From whoſe dry Arms ſome Leaves each minute blows;
One King or Ally, ſtill forſake his ſide,
His Empire ebbs like a declining Tide.
Have patience, Sir, he of himſelf muſt fall,
Who in deſpair does for the Combat call.
Cæſ. To a brave Death I'll open him the way;
See an Aſſault be made without delay.
I at my Armies head ſhall ſoon appear,
And if he dares, he may engage me there.

Enter *Octavia*.

Octav. O Brother! if that name have yet a Pow'r,
And be not loſt in that of Emperor:

Pity

Pity my ſad eſtate, ſince I alone
On both ſides mourning, can rejoyce on none.
The World divided in their wiſhes ſtand;
My ſelf alone ſtab'd through on every hand.
A Brother here! There muſt a Husband fall;
On the juſt Gods I know not how to call!
No chance of War can with my mind comply;
But I muſt weep at eithers Victory.
Cæſ. If I o'rcome, your Husband I will ſpare.
Octav. He will not ſpare himſelf, I more than fear,
Shou'd he prevail, th' *Egyptian* Queen will ſway;
Whom you, and I, and he, muſt all obey.
His am'rous heart muſt execute her will,
And whom ſhe frowns on, in Obedience kill.
You to Ambition muſt a *Victim* bleed,
And from my hated Title to his bed,
Muſt *Cleopatra* in my Death be freed;
And haughty *Rome* acknowledg a vain Queen,
Or be of Civil Arms th' endleſs Scene.
Cæſ. He doth all terms of Reconcilement ſlight:
There nothing now remains but that we fight.
He's now a meer ſoft Purple *Aſian* Prince;
And *Rome* his Empire has diſown'd long ſince.
Octav. Ingrateful *Rome!* but moſt ingrateful you!
Can you forget whom *Caſſius* overthrew?
Who firſt to *Rome* a *Parthian* triumph ſhow'd,
And the long Pride of that great Empire bow'd?
Who the firſt *Cæſar* made, revenged his death,
And fixt that Empire, which he did bequeath,
On you almoſt unknown: Where they receive,
Baſe Natures hate; and Love, but where they give.
Cæſ. Go ſerve th' *Ægyptian*, learn to dreſs her head;
Your ſlighted Love, and your neglected Bed
Can you forget; and fulſomely purſue
The Man with kindneſs, who deſpiſes you?
I ſhou'd my ſelf ſcorn fawning Beauty too:
'Tis as abſurd, as if the Gods ſhou'd ſue.
Oct. Wives (like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow)
To Husbands though unjuſt, long patience owe:

They were for Freedom made, Obedience We,
Courage their vertue, ours is Chaſtity.
Reaſon it ſelf in us muſt not be bold,
Nor decent Cuſtom be by Wit controul'd.
On our own heads we deſperately ſtray,
And are ſtill happieſt, the vulgar way.
Cæſ. Who ever did ſuch Moral Nonſence hear?
My Siſter ſure is turn'd Philoſopher.
But we *Antonius* Pride will ſoon pull down;
This hour ſhall give me his whole lifes renown.
I the long trade of Fame diſdain to drive;
But to the Top will at one ſtep arrive.
Octav. Since then my pray'rs and tears can nothing gain,
In the Foes Camp no longer I'll remain.
The Arms I hate, my preſence ſhall not grace;
Antonius Cauſe I'll openly embrace.
To *Rome* I'll go, and all thy acts diſown;
Make thy Ambition, and thy Falſhood known
To every *Roman* of the Sword and Gown,
Till th' art more hated far than *Cateline*,
Then *Scilla*, *Marius*, or the *Tarquins* Line.
Some will for Freedom, ſome *Antonius* fight,
And againſt Thee both parties I'll unite;
Amongſt thy Foes I like a Spark will fall,
And to a ſudden Flame convert 'em all.
Cæſ. You wou'd not ſure my Love ſo ill repay.
Octa. Your Love! your Pride and endleſs Thirſt of ſway.
To gain my friends, my Quarrel you pretend,
But univerſal Empire is your end.
Rome's once great *Senate* now is but a name;
While ſome with fear, and ſome with Bribes you tame.
Men learn at Court what they muſt there repeat,
And for Concurrence, not for Council meet.
At leaſt all ſuch as think of being great,
They blindly labour at their own ill fate,
And dig up by the roots the tottering State.
Cæſ. Againſt *Antonius* Riots they declare,
And I at their Command but wage this War.
Octa. Dull Long-gown Stateſmen you may feel that Sword
Which thus you whet againſt my injur'd Lord.

When

When *Cæſar* wills a Law, for all your rules,
It will be better taught in Camps, than Schools.
Cæſ. Your fears diſtract you, or you needs muſt ſee
Your hopes of happineſs depend on me.
'Tis my ſucceſs muſt make *Antonius* find
The dire effect of an unbridled mind.
Oct. Who ever did an Emperor reform?
Scarce Heav'n it ſelf can that great Task perform.
Cæſ. Heaven chooſes me the fitteſt inſtrument,
And on that glorious *Task* I'm wholly bent.
Oct. Is't thus *Mecœnas*, you promote the Peace?
But you ne'r meant, and promiſe but to pleaſe.
Mec. All that I durſt, I have already ſaid:
I urg'd him till he thought I was afraid.
But where ſuch Beauty, and ſuch Goodneſs fail;
What other Interceſſion can prevail;
Oct. Mecœnas, I no Complements expect
From one, who does my firſt Commands neglect.
Mec. Men that like me have giv'n their Paſſions vent,
Are never after held indifferent.
Hatred, or Love, purſues the bold attempt;
It meets with a return, or with contempt.
I fear the latter is *Mecœnas* lot.
Oct. I charge you, never entertain me more
With that falſe Love which hath ſo little pow'r.
Your breach of Word, I eaſily forgive,
I'm free, and am not now oblig'd to live:
Nor will I long, the firſt attacq ſurvive.
[*She weeps.*
Mec. A ſound like that, what Lover can indure?
I'll move once more, ſhou'd I his hate procure.
Ah Sir, your weeping Beautious Siſter view;
Then if you can, her Husbands life purſue:
Such ſoftneſs might an angry God diſarm,
And from his hand, the brandiſht Thunder charm.
Cæſ. What means *Mecœnas* ſoftned in her tears?
Another Man he to my eyes appears.
Where is that Soul bids me be Abſolute,
And the diſſenting World with Swords confute.
Move forwards ſtill, and ſpread my Conqu'ring Arms,
As far as *Cinthia* lights, or *Phœbus* warms.

Mec. I can no more, you your own Cauſe muſt plead;
I wou'd, but can't againſt my ſelf perſwade;
Tho unſucceſsful my endeavours were,
It was ſome Merit to obey ſo far.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Enemy preventing our attacq,
Does a fierce Sally on our Forces make.
Our formoſt Troops the warm ingagement ſhun,
And to *Canidius* his Old Souldiers run.
Cæſ. Then be your Tent your Priſon for a while. [*To Octavia.*
Now let us ſeize the Lyon in our Toil.---- *Ex. Onmes.*

Scene the Second. A Wood.

Enter *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Photinus*, at one door, *Agrippa*, *Thyreus*, at the other, Fighting.

Antony. Turn back *Thyreus*; 'tis *Antonius* calls;
The Queen now ſees thee flying from our Walls.
Think on that ſhame, and it muſt warm thy heart,
And do not from a ſingle Rival ſtart.
Thyr. A Thought like that, were all Mankind my Foes,
Wou'd ſend me headlong amongſt all their Blows.
Ant. He dies of Mine that dares to interpoſe.
Thyr. Of Mine he is my baſeſt Foe that does. } *They fight,*
Love, thou at laſt art juſt, and having made } Thyr. *falls.*
My Life a Burthen, help'ſt me to unlade:
If he o'recome, Let *Cleopatra* know,
She muſt to *Rome* in *Cæſars* triumph go.
So now my promiſe to the Queen is paid,
The firſt and laſt Command I ever had.
Ant. Then all my Fears were falſe.
Thyr. Falſe as my hopes,
Or the ſhort vigor which my Being props.
The Queen was Cruel and thy Sword was Kind.
Ant. Thou didſt attempt her Villain:
Thyr. Yes, I did,
And with my dying Breath I boaſt the Deed. *Dies.*
Ant. What words fit to appeaſe her ſhall I find?

Jealouſie

Jealouſie for ever from my Soul remove,
Thou magnifying Glaſs to erring Love;
Thou Viper like, doſt thy young Teeth employ,
And wou'dſt that Love, which gave the Birth, deſtroy.

Enter Cæſar *and* Mecœnas.

Cæſ. Charge you *Canidius* with your Troops, whil'ſt I
Againſt *Antonius* ſelf my Fortune try.
Here is the utmoſt bound of thy ſucceſs,
The Ocean may as ſoon his limits paſs,
As thou this ſpot of Earth whereon we ſtand.
Ant. You ſpeak as you had Thunder in your hand,
The Gods! Heaven! Hell and Fate at your command;
Which if thou hadſt I'd not one ſtep retire:
But one by one, their Prodigies wou'd tire. [Cæſar *is beaten back.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. You muſt not ſtay your fortune to purſue,
Agrippa's got between the Town and you;
Which Stratagem when *Cleopatra* found,
She Sally'd out, and is incompaſt round.
Photinus ſtays behind to awe the Town,
And keeps thoſe of the pop'lar Faction down.
Ant. My Queen ingag'd! To her relief lets fly,
Death has more Charms near her, than Victory.
Me in her Cauſe, the Legions that withſtand,
Muſt fall like Corn, before the Reapers Hand.
Can. Muſt we again a Victory forgo;
This Queen was born to be our Overthrow.
Ant. What is't you mutter? Follow me or dy.
Can. My Life you'd ſooner want behalf than I:
Take it, for 'tis to me an hourly pain,
Follies of Friends are nothing to the ſlain.
But whil'ſt I live, methinks you ſhou'd purſue,
Retiring Foes and Victory in view.
Ant. I cannot ſtoop to argue, but Obey;
And till my Queen be ſafe, let Conqueſt ſtay.

Scene

Scene the Third. A Wood.

[*He discovers* Agrippa's *Army, and the Queen taken.*

Ant. By *Hercules* she's tane! So have I seen the Dove,
Under the Pounce of eager Falcons move:
O! that I were my self the Dart I throw,
For now, all other Motion seems too slow.

[Ant. *rescues the Queen, Charges through* Agrippa's *Army.* Agrip. *Retreats to the Town.*

Augures and Entrails, Boys and Quails you ly!
And I henceforth your Omens will defy.
Call'd by his Name, may such still prosp'rous be,
While thus the Gods give Victory to Me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Photinus *as within the Town.*

Phot. They are ingag'd by this: now is the Time,
And all things seem propitious to my Crime.
Let Fools the Fame of Loyalty divide;
Wise men and Gods are on the strongest side.
The Town is wholly left to my Command,
To make 'em rise I need but slack my hand:
They'r prone to Mutiny. Their Queen they hate,
And shew all signs of a distemper'd State. [*They shout.*
But hark already they are up and roar,
Like an high Sea that scorns its wonted Shoar.

Enter Iras.

But see fair *Iras* whose bright form in Tears,
Like Sun-shine mixt with sudden Rain appears.

Iras. Photinus! Oh the Queen! The Queen is gone,
And we that stay behind are all undone.
The Pallace flames; *Memnon* and *Chilax* rage,
And all the *Egyptians* on their side engage.

Phot. Fear nothing Madam, never was a time,
When Innocence and Beauty were a Crime:
Each shout you hear, your Greatness does advance:
Nor is this Mutiny, th' effect of Chance.
But my design-----

Through

Through Craggy ways we for a while muſt tread:
But gentle *Iras* to a Throne they lead:
Ah! Cou'd I make you Kind as well as Great,
Photinus happineſs were then compleat.
Iras. All other Forms I'le ſtudy to forget:
And think how much I 'm to your Love in Debt:
Antillus is a young gay handſome Man,
Yet to pleaſe you, I'le hate him if I can.
He ſtill like you lies ſqueezing of my hand,
Hangs o're my Neck, and from me will not ſtand.
Phot. Ye Gods! She loves and knows not yet diſguiſe!
The happy Name, flaſht at her youthful Eyes.
Iras. The Manly Gown when he did firſt put on,
He was more gaz'd at than *Cæſarion*:
But for all that I will not love him tho,
'Tis ſo long ſince I have forgot him now....
Phot. Our Serpents though new born are poyſonous ſtill,
And Women ne'r ſo young have Craft and Guile:
She has forgot him! Oh that I cou'd Her!
Too plain, but yet too ſtrong I ſee the ſnare.
I got my Rival to *Armenia* ſent,
His Name returns and ruins my content.
Iras. You ſeem diſturb'd----
Phot. Falſe and inhumane....
Iras. What are you mad?
What is it I have done! What have I ſaid?
Phot. Thou haſt for ever rob'd me of my reſt.
Iras. By all my hopes, to reign I love you beſt.
Phot. Ay there's your love to me.
But that for him how ill you do contain?
Iras. For whom? I underſtand you not, be plain.
Phot. Why for *Antillus*? Your young Gay Delight.
Iras. May I not name, but I muſt love him ſtraight?
Phot. The Works ſoon done with Wind and Tide they move;
Whom equal Years and Thoughts diſpoſe to love.
And to ſay truth I ſtand condemn'd within,
That I did ever an Addreſs begin
To you, whom Beauty and ſuch Youth adorn:
I preſt with Age, for Toil, not Pleaſure born:
And every way the Object of your Scorn.

Go to *Antillus*! Fly into his Arms,
And meet with equal heat and equal Charms.
Whilſt my ambition I henceforth purſue,
And recompence thoſe Joys I loſe in you.

Iras. He wou'd not have me if I wou'd, I fear,
He's great and may expect a Kingdoms Heir.

Phot. She fears he wou'd not have her . . . Oh juſt Heaven!
I to the laſt extremity am driven.
She'l ask me ſure anon to joyn their hands.

Iras. All thoughts of me your ſelf you have reſign'd,
And I may now to whom I pleaſe be kind.

Phot. All thoughts of you! I cou'd reſign my breath
With half the pain . . . .

Iras. Some other Maid you purpoſe to make Queen,
And I but flatter'd, and abus'd, have been.

Phot. My Love, a fierce Convulſion did endure,
And in the pain I talkt I know not what;
But reſt for ever of that heart ſecure,
Where too much Love did the ſhort ſtorm create.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Caſtle is beſet, and all have vow'd,
To ſtain their VVeapons in your treacherous blood.

Phot. Step in a while: They that will riſe muſt wait,
And at each Throw aſſiſt their lab'ring fate. [*Ex.* Iras.
Let 'em all enter, no reſiſtance make,
I can die gladly for my Country's ſake.

Enter Memnon *and* Chilax *with the Rabble.*

What is't my honeſt Countrymen demand?
You need not ask with weapons in your hand.

Memn. Thou haſt thy Country to a laſting VVar
betray'd-----

Chil. And therefore, for thy death prepare.

Phot. VVho! I! alas I but my Queen obey'd,
And both were of *Antonius* pow'r afraid.
Like you I wiſht an opportunity
VVhen *Egypt* was from *Roman* Forces free:

That

That we might then with *Cæſar* make our peace.
Chil. Now Fate preſents it, this occaſion ſeize,
In our Queens abſence you the Town command;
Egypt requires her Freedom at your hand.
Memn. The City Gates againſt *Antonius* ſhut,
So thou wilt put thy meaning out of doubt.
Phot. But then our Queen-----
Memn. She is *Antonius* Slave,
And merits amongſt us nor Throne nor Grave;
This once perform'd, be thou our General,
If not, like a faint Slave unpitied fall--- [*Offers to run at him.*
Phot. I'l do unforc't what ever you require,
But now you bind me to my own deſire;
I ever thought *Antonius* Cauſe unbleſt,
I did his Riot loath and Loves deteſt:
So we did all I think: and 'twere unjuſt,
We ſhou'd defend, who ſtill abhorr'd his luſt.
Let Pimps and Paraſites his Battels fight,
Buffoons, and looſe Companions of the night,
Male-Bawds, and let that goatiſh drunken Herd
Which made him odious, die, to make him fear'd.
Memn. *Antonius* now (at *Rome*) deſpairs of all,
And ſeeks to cruſh our *Egypt* with his fall;
But he ſhall find that ſome of us ſtill wake,
Who nothing fear, and all dare undertake.
Chil. Let's man the Town with all the Force we have,
Keep out *Antonius*, and our Country ſave:
Cæſar will hold us Enemies no more,
But call in Friends and Allyes as before.
Memn. For us the people do in throngs declare,
Tir'd with the danger and the charge of War.
Phot. I'm brav'd here by *Canidius* at each turn,
And with revenge and rage like you I burn:
The mighty Charge I greedily accept;
Your Town ſhall be with Faith and Courage kept.
In your diſgrace, believe I had no part,
But honour'd your free Tongue and honeſt Heart.
Memn. How we were all miſtaken in this man? *Exeunt.*

Scene the Fourth. The Gates being ſhut.

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Canidius, *and Attendants.*

Anto. How well my Queen doth this one act reprove
My needleſs Jealouſie, and ſhew your Love?
Cleop. Her! whom you not eſteem, why wou'd you ſave?
But thô unjuſt, *Antonius* ſtill is brave.
Ant. I not eſteem you! by the Gods I do
As much as Love-----
Cleop. No my *Antonius!* No!
You think me all that can a Queen diſgrace,
Lighter than Woman, and than Man more baſe.
How cou'd I elſe forſake you in diſtreſs?
Or could *Thyreus* in a moment pleaſe.
Anto. It was the raging Feaver of my Love,
And ſtrongeſt Natures, ſtrong Diſtempers prove:
Forgive it Madam, as my Loves exceſs.
Cleop Had *Cæſar* ſu'd, I had his flame diſdain'd;
And cou'd you think another entertain'd?
When the whole World ſhall to his Fortune yield,
My Heart againſt your Foe ſhall keep the Field.
Anto. On me ſo thick your obligations fall,
I muſt ſubdue that World to pay 'em all,
And make proud *Rome* acknowledge you her Queen;
Your Glory does demand no leſs a Scene.
Canid. 'Tis very fine, here's all the Senſe he has!
His Legions, Empire, all are in that face!
I do not think he knows he is beſieg'd,
But quite undone, talks how he is oblig'd!
Pray, Sir, do you conſider where we are,
If we ſtay long we ſhall have *Cæſar* here.
Ant. Were he in ſight I'd not one word forbear
Till I did guiltleſs to my Queen appear.
Thyreus dying-----
Cleop. Have you kill'd him then-----
I ſhall be hateful to the Race of men.
To *Cleopatra* it is death to ſpeak:

On

On him ſhe loves, ſhe a ſwift War does call,
And thoſe ſhe looks on, by *Antonius* fall.
Anto. He clear'd your Vertue with his dying Breath.
Cleop. You ſtain'd it in the manner of his death.
Anto. Lovers like Miſers cannot bear the ſtealth
Of the leaſt trifle from their endleſs wealth.
I ſaw him kiſs your hand, for that he dy'd:
And ſhou'd had he Ten Thouſand lives beſide.
You ſeem not pleas'd with my revenge enough.
Cleop. It was too raſh, and for his crime too rough.
Anto. T' attempt the ſpotleſs Honor of my Queen,
Is ſuch a Crime, as it is death to mean.
Cleop. He ſhou'd have liv'd, if that he lov'd indeed,
My Scorn all other Torments might exceed:
His life had been but one continued pain,
And mine but one long Act of my diſdain:
But now all means to clear my ſelf are loſt;
You can but think me innocent at moſt.
Anto. I from that Viper ſuch an Oyl have wrung,
As heals that Love which he before had ſtung:
Since from a dying Rival's mouth I hear,
His hope was as ill grounded as my fear:
He call'd you moſt Ingrateful as he dy'd;
Confeſs'd his Paſſion, and accus'd your Pride:
What ſtronger demonſtration can be thought?
Cleop. Could nothing I might ſay, the like have wrought?
Then vain is all I've ſuffer'd, and have done:
My ſlighted Fame, and my endanger'd Throne,
Can nothing weigh; and 'twas *Thyreus* grace,
That I was clear'd! *Antonius* held me baſe.
Anto. O ſay not ſo! My Love of its own ſtrength
Had overcome that jealouſie at length:
To him indeed I owe my ſpeedy Cure.
Cleop. Are you for ever from relapſe ſecure?
Anto. I rather will believe all that is ſtrange,
The whole Sex true, than that my Queen can change.

Enter Souldier from the Town.

Sould. The Town is loſt, your *Romans* kill'd or fled,
And falſe *Photinus* does the Traytor head:
Memnon and *Chilax* in bright Arms appear,
And for *Octavius Cæſar* all declare

Anto. Canid. *appear with their Army under the Walls and find oppoſition, ſome that go near are kill'd.*

Anto. Treaſon before, and Enemies behind;
In ſuch a choice 'twere equal to be blind.
I know not which I ſhou'd attacque the firſt;
I'm only ſure of all: Delay's the worſt.
Storm then the Town with all that we can make
E're *Cæſar* ſee, and this advantage take.
Safe at a diſtance here my Queen muſt ſtay, } *Charge*
While we with blood and ſlaughter force our way. } *without.*
[*They are beat off.*

Canid. It is in vain, theſe Barb'rous Villains dare
Not hope for the fair Quarter of a War;
And are turn'd deſperate.
Anto. We are alike,
Deſperate with them,
When for the whole both Parties ſtrike,
Courage muſt carry't, Charge them once agen. [*Charge.*
[*Shout.*

Scene the Fifth. The Gates drawn open.

A ſhout from the Town. Photinus *is attacqued from behind.*

Antonius *Enters.*

Anto. SPare on your Lives th' unarm'd and meaner ſort,
And all who to Our Clemency reſort.
This eaſie entrance to ſome Friend we owe:
We from within came pouring on the Foe.
Canid. They are no Traytors till they kill our men,
And then as vanquiſh't muſt be ſpar'd agen.

Anto.

Anto. They 're *Cleopatra*'s Subjects: let that be
A full *Protection* in our Victory.

Enter Lucilius *with* Photinus, Memnon, *and* Chilax *Priſoners.*

Lucil. Health to *Antonius*, in whoſe Cauſe to fight
Is leſs *Lucilius* duty than delight.
Take from my hand your treacherous Enemies,
And uſe 'em as your Safety ſhall adviſe.
Memn. Traitor's a name my Vertue cannot brook;
How cou'd I break a Truſt I never took?
Anto. Armes 'gainſt your Lawful Queen are ſtill unjuſt,
A Subject born betrays a Native truſt.
But thou *Photinus* beyond Villains baſe,
Whom with her Truſt and Friendſhip ſhe did grace,
Whom Birth and Fortune both had laid ſo low,
To raiſe thee up again ſhe ſcarce knew how;
Only raſh Favour, whoſe extravagance
Seems yet a blinder Power than that of Chance,
Remain'd thy Friend----
Phot. I do confeſs, my Queen
From nothing made me all that I have been;
And much I to *Antonius* favour owe,
Whom then ſhould I depend on but you two?
Anto. We two! whom thou didſt ſhut the Town againſt,
And to whom now thou but repentance feign'ſt.
Phot. From this ſeditious Rout what cou'd I gain?
I might not hope in *Cleopatra*'s reign:
Weigh then my Int'reſt, by that Scale you'l find
My Crime, though great, lay never in my mind:
I ſhou'd have dy'd, I know, I wiſh I had,
Rather than ſeem'd to have my Truſt betray'd:
I ſhou'd have choſe their Dagger, ſcorn'd their ſide;
It had been paſt, and I had nobly dy'd.
Chil. O that thou hadſt! I would have driv'n it home,
Till forth with the broad point thy Soul had come.
Phot. Death I have often met in open field,
With my Sword ſent, repell'd him with my Shield:
Surpriz'd, defenceleſs! I confeſs I ſhook,
And cou'd not in cold blood his viſage brook

'Twas

'Twas all my Crime! you *Romans* only can
Serenely and unſhaken, put off man.
We might have known that Party needs muſt fall,
Who to his own fear, owe their General.
Phot. Kill me! alas! I do not ask to live!
Shou'd you, I never cou'd my ſelf forgive.
Death to my fear is due, why ſhou'd I plead?
I was no Traytor, I was worſe, afraid:
Love, Faith, and Zeal, if Reſolution fail,
No more than the faint Glow-worm's Fire avail.
All that I now repent, is that with ſhame
I loſe that Life, I might have loſt with Fame.
Anto. How cam'ſt thou to appear in open Arms,
For thy black Soul has Treachery ſuch Charms?
Phot. Had I not been their General I had dy'd,
Death turn'd the Scale, and ſo I took their ſide.
Beſides, I for your Service thought it beſt,
I ſhou'd with them maintain my Intereſt;
That at ſome time unlook't for you might ſee
The good intent of ſeeming Treachery.
What greater Bleſſing can your Arms attend,
Than t' have your Foes, commanded by your Friend?
I early of *Lucilius* project knew,
And from the neighb'ring parts my Arms withdrew,
That he a Body might of *Romans* form,
The great exploit ſecurely to perform.
Anto. 'Tis poſſible thou mayſt be honeſt! yet 'twere ſtrange,
Men ſtill were doubted, who but ſeem to change.
But ſay! how came this Tumult to begin?
Phot. The people long have diſcontented been,
Curſt me aloud, and murmur'd at the Queen;
That to your ſide ſo firmly we adher'd,
And to their Common Peace your Cauſe preferr'd;
They ſaid they wou'd not be the Victor's prey;
But whom they muſt at laſt, betimes obey:
And ruine all who ſtop't 'em in their way.
Anto. Where were the Souldiers?
Phot. When ſhe ſally'd forth----
None ſtay'd, who lov'd the Queen or Martial Worth;

But all the Diſcontents remain'd behind,
And had effected what they long deſign'd,
Had not thoſe Pow'rs that Treachery prevent,
To your relief the brave *Lucilius* ſent:
He in the Town a Band of *Romans* got,
And overthrew the Rebels and their Plot.
Anto. You then are none of 'em----
Phot. I was by force:
But *Lucrece* ne're cou'd hate vile *Tarquin* worſe,
Than I theſe Forcers of my Loyalty---- [*Points to the Lords.*
And like her too (ſince not believ'd) I'll dye.
Memn. You durſt not dye by an Egyptian Sword:
What is't this ſudden Courage does afford?
Phot. I was no Villain thought, but now I hate
My Life, and cou'd ruſh gladly on my fate;
And you repent----
Chil. That e're we truſted thee----
Slave! more uncertain than a Winters Sea.
Anto. I will believe Death ſhook thy Loyalty,
And all thou didſt was Fear, not Treachery:
Photinus riſe! thy frailty I forgive. [*Riſes.*
And if thou can'ſt or dar'ſt thus branded, live;
But never more a weighty Charge receive.
Phot. I wou'd live gladly to redeem my Crime;
'Tis all the benefit I ask of Time.
Anto. But you Fierce Lords that dare your Soveraign balme,
And would depoſe, or govern in Her name,
Shall find what 'tis to play with Royalty;
And fall like *Phaeton* from the borrow'd Skie.
Chil. We ſcorn thy Mercy, and our Country love,
And gladly from her dying Cries remove.

ACT. V.

Scene the First. The Palace.

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and Attendants.*

Cleop. FOrtune's afreſh fond of *Antonius* grown,
And has this Minute her old Love put on;
She calls her wonted Charms into her Face,
And hugs him----
With the fierce ardor of a firſt embrace.
Anto. Of this ſucceſs, when they at *Rome* ſhall hear,
They'l change perhaps their Superſtitious fear,
And the ill *Omens* on my Foe transfer.
His will the Owl bethought, unchas'd away,
Which upon *Concord's* Temple braves the day.
The Ape in *Cere's* Temple will be His,
And his defeat the Eight-foot-Dragon hiſs.
The blood my Statue ſhed, will his be thought;
So are weak minds by Superſtition wrought.
Cleop. What we can't ſhun, 'twere better not to know,
Nor do the Gods maliciouſly foreſhow,
To make us feel our Fate before it come;
But men too nicely pry into their doom.
Anto. Let it fall quick whatever they prepare,
It is the Thunders voice, we cannot bear;
Blind to our Fate, let us both hope and fear:
But thou *Lucilius*, who do'ſt ſtill outrun
All that we can expect or wiſh were done;
Like ſome kind God thou leap'ſt into the Scale
And turn'ſt it when all Mortals ſeem to fail,
Take from my hand this Armor of clear Gold.
Let the beſt Metal the beſt man enfold.
Lucil. Me dead or living you anon ſhall praiſe.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. With his whole Force *Octavius*, Sir, moves on;
'Tis thought on every part he'l ſtorm the Town.
Anto. His late defeat then ſtings the reſtleſs Boy;
And all at once we ſhall our Swords imploy.
Let us embrace, then each man to his Poſt:
We'l meet no more but Conquerors or Ghoſts.
The World's at ſtake, my Queen, and this ſhort hour
Contains the Fate of all ſucceeding Pow'r.
If this one day we can our Fate defer,
To morrow's Sun will ſee *Ventidius* here:
Victorious Legions to my Aid he brings;
Fleſh't all in *Parthian* Blood and ſpoiles of Kings.
[*Ex.* Anto. Canid. Lucil.

Enter Photinus *at another Door.*

Cleop. My boading Heart ſayes we ſhall meet no more,
And ſends up thoughts I never knew before.
My Ears with diſmal dying cryes are fill'd,
And my Eyes grow with ghaſtly Viſions wild;
Methinks I ſee *Antonius* bleeding there,
And all his Souldiers pale with Death or Fear.
Charm. Your wounded Fancy does theſe forms create,
Expect as you deſerve, a better Fate.
Cleop. O that betimes he had my Cauſe forſook!
Cæſar with pity on a Queen muſt look.
Defenceleſs too. Winds unoppos'd give o're,
And but 'mongſt Trees and ſolid Buildings roar.
The *Romans* againſt me declared the War,
But caught *Antonius* Vertue in that ſnare.
Phot. When two fierce Bulls contend, the doubtful Herd
Stand gazing by a while, of both afear'd:
But ſoon as one the fatal ſtrife declines,
The Captive number with the Victor joyns.
And ſo ſhould we----
Cleop. Yes! if meer Brutes we were---
And knew no Nobler Paſſion than vile Fear;

Minutes move ſlowly when ſuch weight they bear,
Each now is more important than a year:
I grow impatient, can bear no delay,
But quickning Fate would through the ſhell ſurvey.
Char. The ſtrongeſt place, and neareſt is your Tomb;
Hear good news ſoon, the bad too ſoon will come.
Be patient Madam-----
Cleop. Who compos'd can be?
A Tempeſt heard and their whole Wealth at Sea?
Each Pile that flies may pierce *Antonius* Heart;
And they in ſhowrs from meeting *Romans* part.
Let us move on, no matter where you lead
A breaking Heart, and a diſtemper'd Head. [*Noiſe of Arms.*
Ex. Cleop. Charm.

Phot. Claſhing of Arms I heard, and noiſe of Drums,
Nearer and nearer the fierce Clangor comes.
[Photinus *ſteals off unſeen.*

Enter Antonius, Canidius, Lucilius, *as beaten back into the Town.*

Anto. Gape Hell, and to thy diſmal Bottom take
The loſt *Antonius*; this was our laſt Stake;
Warn'd by my ruine, let no *Roman* more
Set Foot on this inhoſpitable ſhoar.
Cowards and Traytors fill this impious Land;
Faithleſs and fearful, without Heart or Hand.
Some ran to *Cæſar* like an headlong Tyde,
The reſt their fear made uſeleſs on our ſide.
Canid. Their Fear! their Treachery! we are betrai'd:
By Hands we truſt the ſureſt Snares are laid.
The Queen, no doubt, does correſpondence hold
With *Rome* and *Cæſar*, and we all are ſold.
Anto. I had but one glad thought within my breſt,
And thou to that one thought, wilt give no reſt.
Fortune hath ſeiz'd my Empire and Renown;
Honeſt Old Souldier, let my Love alone:
But you my generous Friends to *Cæſar* go,
Too much already to your Love I owe:
Let me now ſink alone; enough y'have done:
A falling Tow'r 'twere madneſs not to ſhun.

Your

Your guilt is ſmall, let early penitence,
Your Ties and Love to me plead your defence.
Lucil. No Sun ſhall ſee me living after you;
My Death ſhall tell you that my Life was true.
Canid. For what ſhould I my bending years preſerve?
Canidius will no ſecond Maſter ſerve. [*A ſhout without.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Navy, Sir, is joyn'd with *Cæſar*'s Fleet,
And with one voice their Emperor they greet.
Both ſides their bloody hatred have laid down,
And in one Body row toward the Town.
Canid. Sir, with *Egyptians* it was chiefly mann'd,
And is there yet no dealing underhand?
Still does the Queen ſo innocent appear;
Her people guilty, ſhe alone is clear.
Anto. Her peoples Love, her Love to me has loſt;
And now her Faith, is by their Treaſon cros't.
Pity, not blame the Queen, who ſinks this hour,
Cruſh't with the ruines of an Emperor.
By Land and Sea betray'd! what ſhall we do?
Canid. Let's fight and die in Arms upon the Foe.
Anto. We of reſiſtance ſcarce can make a ſhoe.
Death ſhuns the naked Throat and proffer'd Breſt;
He flies when call'd, to be a welcome Gueſt.
I may be tane alive, and made a ſcorn,
Where I have oft the higheſt Honours worn.
Rome never ſhall my conquer'd Face behold:
Death I have ſeiz'd, and will not loſe my hold. [*Shout again.*

Enter Souldier.

Sould. Cæſar is entred, and we all are loſt;
Some *Roman* Souldiers ſtill make good their Poſt.
Anto. Their number ſpeak.
Sould. Two Legions at the moſt.
Anto. Command 'em to yield eaſie Victory:
Their number is
Too ſmall to conquer, and too great to dye.

Canid. What means our Emperor?

Anto. To ſpare your Blood:
Too long you have my angry Fate withſtood.
What is Command, for which we ſo contend?
Danger and Envy the High Charge attend:
A few we pleaſe, and Multitudes offend.

[Canid. *to the Sould.*

Canid. Thou art a Coward, fled'ſt before thy time,
And with pretence of News woud'ſt hide thy Crime.
'Tis falſe.

Sould. So it were falſe indeed, I'd gladly die;
But this ſhall ſhow I did not baſely flie. [*Kills himſelf.*

Enter Photinus.

Phot. Horror on horror! Sir, th' unhappy Queen
Betray'd by a Report that you were ſlain!

Anto. I underſtand you, ſhe her ſelf has kill'd;
And better knew to die, than how to yield.

Phot. Alas! ſhe has, I pull'd the reaking Steel
From her warm Wound, and with it ruſh't her life----
Her lateſt breath was buſie with your name,
And the ſweet pledges of your mutual flame:
Your Children ſhe embrac't, and then ſhe dy'd.

Anto. How well had I been with great *Julius* ſlain,
Or by ſome flying *Parthians* darted Cane.
Thy gentle Nature, *Brutus*, how I hate,
Through which I live to taſte the dregs of Fate.
Such is the gloomy ſtate of Mortals here;
We knew not what to wiſh, or what to fear:
My Name in Arms, my Friends and Empire gone,
Yet while ſhe liv'd, I was not quite undone:
Methought I ſtill had ſomething to do here----

Canid. Y'have more than ever, Sir: your Souldiers chear,
And bid 'em for a bold defence prepare.

Anto. Never: let *Romans* now each other love,
Their tedious quarrel I will ſoon remove.
'Twice has my Sword with *Roman* Blood been dy'd;
It draws no more, but from *Antonius* ſide.
Had the juſt Gods intended I ſhould live,
To hate my life, ſuch cauſe they wou'd not give.

They had preſerv'd my Empire and my Queen.
Enough and more, I have both Fortunes ſeen.
Strike good *Lucilius*; 'Tis a friendly part:
Let no Foes weapon pierce thy Maſters Heart.

Lucil. *goes behind, makes as if he would kill him, but paſſes the Weapon through his own Body.*

The Nobleſt way: thou ſhow'ſt me what to do.
Thou giv'ſt th' Example, and I'le give the blow.
[Antonius *kills himſelf.*

Phot. I'le call ſome help----- } *A great ſhriek is given at his fall.*
But 'twill but increaſe my pain; } *all run out of the room except* Phot.
For ſhould'ſt thou ſtir, I'd ſtab my ſelf again.

Canid. Let others ſigh and weep, but let us go } Phot. *makes towards*
And vent our grief, in rage upon the Foe. } *the door.* Anto. *ſtabs*
From the ſtrange horror of that diſmal ſight, } *himſelf again, and*
Cowards would ruſh into the midſt of fight. } *falls.* Phot. *reenters.*

Anto. Let Cowards crowd to force reſign their breath.
Brave Minds look through it, and make uſe of Death.
Thou can'ſt not now my fatal Journey ſtay.
Phot. Nor wou'd I, Sir, you'r fairly on your way.
Anto. Death ſoon will place me out of Fortunes reach;
Why ſtayes my Soul to ſally at this breach?
Phot. It is not big enough.
Anto. Do'ſt mock me now?
Can my few Minutes a new Torture know----
Phot. They may, and to provoke thy parting Soul,
Know that the Queen yet lives, thou loving Fool,
And I the Story of her Death contriv'd,
To make thee kill thy ſelf, which has arriv'd
Juſt as I wiſh't; by thy own hand thou dy'ſt,
And art at once the Victim and the Prieſt.
Anto. Furies and Hell----
Phot. Curſe on; but *Cæſar* ſhall
With *Egypts* Scepter thank me for thy fall.
Though decently he cou'd not take thy Head,
He'l inwardly rejoyce to find thee dead;
And hug the man that eas'd him from the fear
Of ſuch a Rival, yet his guilt did ſpare.

Anto. Thou mak'ſt me hate by turns my Life and Death!
O for a moments ſtrength! my Sword to ſheath
In thy falſe Heart----
But 'twill not be, my hand forſakes my Will;
Only himſelf can poor *Antonius* kill.
Phot. 'Coud you have liv'd, I had ſeem'd honeſt ſtill,
But now take all; the Queen her ſelf muſt Bleed;
Iras and I muſt to her Throne Succeed.
Thy Councills ſtill to *Cæſar* I betray'd,
This laſt revolt I in thy *Navy* made.
Anto. Triumphant Villain! What provok't thee to't.
Phot. Ambition Sir, I had no Armies I;
Nor was I born of Royal Progeny.
No Crown deſcended on my Lazy Head,
I cou'd no open path to greatneſs tread:
But none deſpis'd that to a Throne did Lead.
Anto. All *Charmion* ſaid of Thee it ſeems was true;
Phot. And all *Canidius* 'ere ſuſpected too.
I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience at this Laſt.---
Dy thou.-----
Whilſt I to *Iras* and a Throne make haſt. [*Ex. Phot.*

Enter Charmion, Iras, *and Attendants.*

Charm. The Queen Entreats-----
Anto. Does my Queen Live, and may *Antonius* yet,
Above the Earth his *Cleopatra* Meet.
Charm. She lives, but ſhut up in her Monument;
Her rowling Thoughts on ſome dire Miſchief bent.
By *Iſis* Temple, Sir, you know it Stands;
The Rareſt Fabrick made by Mortal hands.
All ſhe holds dear ſhe has throng'd there, but you,
And now intreats that you will enter too.
Anto. With thoſe we love, a Triumph 'tis to fall;
Moſt gladly I obey her fatal Call.
Charm. Juſt Heaven's! you faint, what is it you have done,
That with ſuch Streams theſe Living Fountains run?
Anto. It was a ſudden qualm: Limbs do but bear
Me to My Queen and I'l diſmiſs you there:
I cannot dy till I have paid that Debt.
Nor have our Souls appointed where to Meet.
Stand off my Fate, and dare not touch me yet. *Charm.*

Charm. Secure from *Cæſar* you a while may be,
And there what's fitteſt to be done Decree. [*A ſhout.*
The place.
Anto. The Victory comes on, I hear the Noiſe,
And of prevailing Foes th'inſulting Voyce.
Cæſar to ſpare me did ſtrickt Order give,
I may be taken and compell'd to live;
Move on, all Fates but that I can forgive.

Exeunt.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Mecœnas, *and Souldiers.*

Mec. Sir, y'are entirely Maſter of the Town;
All men their Hatred and their Armes lay down,
And the whole World now bends to you alone.
Agrip. The names of Parties and of Factions ceaſe,
And War has brought forth her fair Daughter Peace.
Cæſ. Command the Souldiers Fury be reſtrain'd,
That Rage deſtroy not what their Virtue gain'd.
Th' *Egyptians* now my Clemency ſhall ſhare;
I would be lov'd in Peace, though Fear'd in War.
In this Confuſion wher's the haughty Queen?
Mec. Since firſt we entred, She no more was ſeen.

Enter Photinus *with a Sword.*

Phot. Great *Cæſar* at my hands that Sword receive,
Which his Deaths Wound did to *Antonius* give.
Cæſ. Thou haſt not kill'd him Villain! quickly ſpeak,
Thy Limbs upon a Thouſand Racks I'l break,
To find the Truth----
Phot. He is not Dead, but long he cannot Live;
And his own Arm the Fatal blow did give.
By my advice indeed-----
Cæſ. By thy advice---
Thus *Rome* by *Egypt* is defeated twice.
Thou haſt the pow'r of pardoning from me tane,
And empty Wiſhes now alone remain.
Each Man will think what he himſelf had done,
And my great mind interpret by his own.
Hence from my ſight! ſince blaſted is by Thee
The faireſt Fruit of all my Victory.

Phot. I wiſh *Antonius* blood were yet unſpilt;
But Yours is the advantage, Mine the guilt.
Empire and Glory can no Partners bear,
Since you forgive your Foes excuſe my care.
Cæſ. Where is the Queen?
Phot. Fled to the Monument:
Which for her laſt Retreat ſhe ever meant.
Where ſhe has all the Jewels of the Crown,
And the Chief Wealth of th' diſtracted Town.
There great *Antonius* Bleeding in her Armes,
Takes his laſt Leave of her deſtructive Charmes.
Give me Two hundred Men within an houre,
They ſhall alive or dead be in Your pow'r.
Cæſ. Thou Monſter of all Villany forbear;
Thou woud'ſt thy Gods from off their Altars tear,
Who woud'ſt not thy Afflicted Sov'raign ſpare.
Agrip. Men ſay ſhe is Generous, if ſo our Force
Will only drive her on ſome deſp'rate Courſe.
If Honourable Terms we ſhould refuſe,
We ſhall her Perſon and her Treaſure loſe.
She'l both Convert into one ſpreading Flame,
And ſhortning hated Life extend her Fame.
Mec. A *Roman* Mind can only Death command;
Fear no ſuch Courage from a Barbarous Hand!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Octavia, Sir----
Cæſ. Poor Soul! I pity Her,
She ill the news will of *Antonius* bear.
She's paſt all human Grief and human Care.
Cæſ. She is not dead.
Serv. Yes, in her way to *Rome*,
Of grief and diſcontent, as we preſume.
Cæſ. Ye joyes of Victory a while forbear,
I muſt on my *Octavia* drop a tear.
She was the beſt of Women, Gentleſt Wife,
In every part how vertuous was her life!
Mec. From out the Chriſtal Palace of her Breſt,
Her clearer Soul is gone to endleſs reſt.
What time, what reaſon can my loſs digeſt?

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. *Canidius* still does an old Fort defend.
Cæs. On every spark of War we must attend.
True Wisdom will no Enemy despise:
From small beginnings mighty Flames arise.

Enter Canidius *with his Souldiers.*

Canid. Thus the last Sword for Liberty I draw,
And whom Despair thrusts on no numbers awe.
Who knows——
But that those nobler Souls of Ancient *Rome*
May strike with us 'gainst slavery to come.

Enter Cæsar *with his Souldiers.*

Cæs. I charge you all the brave *Canidius* spare,
Let not his Blood now stain the ended War:
His number speaks not terror, but despair.
[Canid. *is beaten off the Stage.*
[*He re-enters.*

Canid. Fight but one Minute longer, whil'st that I
And some few nobler Souls like *Romans* die. [*They kill themselves.*
Then may you all by *Cæsars* mercy live, [*The rest yields.*
Whil'st we our Freedom from our Swords receive.
Cæs. What have I done! that men had rather dye
By their own hand, than trust my Clemency?
Mecæn. *Canidius* to his Master was most true,
And did for him what I wou'd do for you.
Agrip. The World does no more Enemies contain,
And *Cæsar* over peaceful *Rome* may raign. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras *in the Monument.*

Anto. 'Twas I that pull'd on you the hate of *Rome*,
And all your Ills past, present, and to come.
It is not fit nor possible I live,
And my dear Queen, it growes unkind to grieve.
Cleop. 'Twas I that lost you in each *Roman* mind;
And to your ruine can you still be kind?
How can you bear this Tyranny of Fate,
And not the Cause, your *Cleopatra* hate.

Anto. So *Venus* look't, when the *Idalian* Bear
The tender ſide of her *Adonis* tore:
Nor yields my Queen in Beauty or in grief,
When half the World under my rule was plac't
Your Love was all the joy that I cou'd taſt,
It was my chief delight, and is my laſt.
I dye, and have but one ſhort word to ſay;
But you muſt ſwear, my Queen you will obey.

Cleop. By all our Love I will, my death command,
And ſee the eager duty of my hand.

Anto. Your death! it is the only thing I fear:
And Fate no other way can reach me here.

Cleop. Down from a Throne to any private State:
It is a diſmal Precipice to the Great.
I giddy with the horrid proſpect grow;
And ſhall fall in, unleſs Death help me now.

Anto. Heav'n that ſucceſs does to my Arms deny,
Whiſpers a *Roman* Soul, and bids him dye.
Our caſe is different; to *Cæſar* ſue,
Thô me he hate, he needs muſt pity you.
Your Beauty and my Love were all your Crime,
And you muſt live my Queen.

Cleop. When you are dead----
To be deſpis'd, reproach't, in triumph lead;
A Queen and Slave! who wou'd not life renounce,
Rather than bear thoſe diſtant names at once.

Anto. But you may live a Queen; ſay you obey'd
Through fear: and were compell'd to give me Aid:
That all your Subjects private Orders had
Nôt to reſiſt him, and my Cauſe betray'd.
Say, that at laſt you did my Death procure;
Say any thing that may your Life and Crown ſecure.

Cleop. 'Twere falſe and baſe, it rather ſhall be ſaid
I kill'd my ſelf when I beheld you dead.

Anto. Me the unhappy cauſe of all your wo!
Your own, and your dear Country's overthrow.
Remember I was jealous, raſh, ſoon mov'd,
Suſpected no leſs fiercely than I lov'd:
How I *Thyreus* kill'd, your Love accus'd,
And to your kind defence my faith refus'd.

From

From ſhame and rage I ſoon ſhall be at reſt,
And Death of thouſand ills hath choſe the beſt. [*He faints.*
Cleop. O ſtay! and take me with you----
Anto. Deareſt Queen,
Let my Life end before your Death begin.
O *Rome!* thy freedom does with me expire,
And thou art loſt, obtaining thy deſire. [*Dies.*
Cleop. He's gone! he's gone! and I for ever loſt!
The great *Antonius* now is but a Ghoſt:
A wandring ſhadow on the Stygian Coaſt.
I'm ſtill a Queen, though by the Fate of War,
Death and theſe Women all my Subjects are;
And this unhappy Monument is all
Of the whole World, that I my own can call.
Iras. O name not Death!
Cæſar men ſay is good, wiſe, mild and juſt;
So many Vertues how can you diſtruſt?
Cleop. Thô his laſt breath advis'd me to ſubmit
To *Cæſar*, and his falling Fortunes quit:
When I nam'd Death, ſpeechleſs my hand he preſt;
And ſeem'd to ſay that I had choſe the beſt.
Iras. He cou'd not be ſo cruel, you miſtook;
Too ſharply you apply his dying look.
Cleo. He does expect it, and I'le keep my word,
If there be Death in Poyſon, Fire, or Sword.
Charm. Fortune with lighter ſtroaks ſtrikes lighter things;
With her whole weight ſhe cruſhes falling Kings.
Cleop. We ſhall in Triumph, *Charmion*, be led,
Till with our ſhame *Romes* Pride be ſurfeited:
Till every finger *Cleopatra* find
Pointing at her, who was their Queen deſign'd.
Char. Their Anger they may glut, but not their Pride.
They ne'r had Triumph't if men durſt have dy'd.
Cleop. Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading flow'r,
The tender prey of every coming hour:
In Youth thou Comet-like art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thy ſelf alone.
Unpuniſh't thou to few wer't ever giv'n:
Nor art a Bleſſing, but a Mark from Heav'n.

Greatneſs moſt envy'd, when leaſt underſtood:
Thou art no real, but a ſeeming good.
Sick at the Heart! Thou in the Face look'ſt well,
And none but ſuch as feel thy pangs can tell.
By thy exalted State we only gain,
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.
Iras. Think how he'l uſe your Sons when you are dead,
And none their Cauſe can like a Mother plead.
Cleop. Perhaps, when I am dead, his hate may ceaſe,
And Pity take declining Rages place.
Sure in the Grave all Enmities take end,
And Love alone can to the Dead extend.
Men ſay that we to th' other World ſhall bear
The ſame Deſires and Thoughts, imploy'd as here.
The *Hero* ſhall in ſhining Arms delight,
In neighing Steeds, ſhril ſounds and empty fight:
Poets ſhall ſing, and in ſoft Dances move,
And Lovers in Eternal Roſes Love.
If ſo, *Antonius*, we but change the Scene,
And there purſue what we did here begin.
Charm. I am prepar'd to follow or to lead:
Name but the fatal Path that you will tread.
Cleop. In yonder golden Box three Aſps there lie,
Of whoſe leaſt venomous bite men ſleep and die:
Take one and to my naked Breaſt apply
Its poyſonous mouth——
Charm. Alone ſhe ſhall not die.
Iras. When *Julius Cæſar* in the Senate fell,
Where were theſe thoughts? and yet he lov'd as well.
Cleop. He lov'd me not! he was ambitious he;
And but at looſer Times took thought of me.
Glory and Empire fill'd his reſtleſs mind:
He knew not the ſoft pleaſures of the Kind.
Our Joyes were frighted ſtill with freſh alarms,
And new Deſigns ſtill forc't him from my Arms.
But my *Antonius* lov'd me with his Soul.
No cares of Empire did his Flame controul.
I was his Friend, the Partner of his mind;
Our days were joyful, and our nights were kind:
He liv'd for Me, and I will die for Him. [*Stings her.*
So, now 'tis paſt! I feel my eyes grow dim,

I am

I am from triumph and contempt ſecure,
What all muſt bear I earlier endure. [*Kneels down to* Anto.
To thy cold Arms take thy unhappy Queen,
Who both thy ruine and her own has been:
Other Embrace than this ſhe'l never know,
But a pale Ghoſt, purſue thy ſhade below.
Good Aſp bite deep and deadly in my Breſt,
And give me ſudden and Eternal Reſt. [*She dies.*

[Iras *runs away.*

Charm. Fool, from thy haſty Fate thon can'ſt not run
Iras. Let it bite you, I'le ſtay till you have done:
Alas! my life but newly is begun——
Charm. No: thou woud'ſt live to ſhame thy Family;
But I'le take care that thou ſhalt Nobly dye.
Iras. Good *Charmion!*
Charm. I'le hear no more: faint Hearts that ſeek delay
Will never want ſome fooliſh thing to ſay.

Charm. *ſtings her, then puts it to her own Breaſt.*

At our Queens feet let's decently be found,
And Loyal Grief be thought our only Wound. [*Dies*

Enter Cæſar, Mecœnas, Agrippa, *and* Photinus.

Cæſ. Yonder's the Monument, that famous Tow'r;
'Tis weak, and may be ruin'd in an hour.
Summon the Queen—— 'Tis obſtinacy now } *Calls thrice,*
Not reſolution the loſt Queen does ſhow; } *none anſwers.*
Call for a Battering Ram—— now down it goes. [*Enter all.*
Mecœn. But oh! what horror does that Breach diſcloſe?
The Queen, *Antonius*, and her Maids lie dead:
From their pale Cheeks the Life but newly fled.
Cæſ. Am I ſo cruel and relentleſs held,
That Women dare not to my mercy yield?
Phot. The Queen your *Roman* Triumphs ever fear'd,
And therefore Poyſons of all ſorts prepar'd
To end her life, and to prevent that ſhame,
When ever the unhappy proſpect came. [Phot. *runs to* Iras.
Some ſigns of life in that ſoft Maid remain;
She ſeems to move her dying lips again.
Iras. I'ſt thus your word you with poor *Iras* keep——

The

The Crown of *Egypt* now you may diſpoſe
On whom you pleaſe—— Death ſoon my Eyes will cloſe;
And *Cæſar* my—— [*Dies.*

Cæſ. The Crown of *Egypt*, Slave, diſpos'd by thee?
Her dying words contain ſome Myſtery:

Phot. Which I'le take care ſhe never ſhall explain---- [*Aſide.*
She raves: the Poiſon has diſturb'd her brain. [*Kills her.*

Cæſ. Thou haſt not, Slave, the tender Virgin ſlain?

Phot. I lov'd and cou'd not ſee her lie in pain.

Cæſ. Villain, thou feard'ſt that her laſt breath might ſay
Something that might thy treacherous heart betray.
Mecænas, ſeize on him, ſee quick Juſtice done.

Sould. Quicker than this, great *Cæſar*, there is none. [*Kills* Phot.

Cæſ. Who art thou that dar'ſt kill and *Cæſar* by?

Sould. I'm Brother to that Maid, reſolv'd to die
By the ſame hand, if *Cæſar* ſay the word.

Cæſ. Put up: it was a kind of Vertue in thy Sword.
What cou'd *Antonius* from a Brother fear,
Who owes him all the Honours he does wear?
Oh! what a God-like pleaſure had it been
With thee t' have ſhar'd the Empire once agen?
And to have made a ſecond Sacrifice
To Friendſhip of each others Enemies.
By thee I am whatever I was made,
But thou art proud, and ſcorn'ſt to be repaid.

Agrip. The Queens vaſt Treaſure, Sir, I blazing found;
A greater Wealth than ever *Thetis* drown'd.
She her fair Perſon to a Carcaſs turn'd:
And has her Treaſure to vile Aſhes burn'd.
Both ways defeating the proud hopes of *Rome*.

Cæſ. Great minds the Gods alone can overcome----
Let no man with his preſent Fortune ſwell
The Fate of growing Empire who can tell?
We ſtand but on that Greatneſs whence theſe fell.

Ex. Omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

'TWERE *Popiſh folly for the Dead to pray:*
By this time you have damn'd or ſav'd our Play:
But Gentlemen, the Poet bad me ſay,
He claimes his Merit on a ſurer ſcore:
H' has brought you here together, and what more
Could Waters, Court, or Conventicles do?
'Tis not his fault, if things no further go.
The Graveſt Cit that hopes to be Lord Mayor
Muſt come to a New Play with his None Dear;
And the kind Girl engag'd another way,
Tells all her Friends ſh' has been at the New Play.
They ask the Tale which ſhe does for 'em get
Between the Acts, from her dear Friend ſhe met.
The Peacock-Beauty here may ſpread her Train,
And by our gazing Fops be made more vain.
And all kind Lovers that are here to night,
May thank the Poet for each others ſight.
Thô all be bad, men blame with an ill grace
The Entertainment of a Meeting Place.

THE Art of making Love, or Rules for the conduct of Ladies and Gallants in their Amours. Price bound 1 *s.* Printed for *R. Tonſon* at *Grayes-Inne-gate* next *Grayes-Inne-lane.*

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